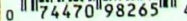
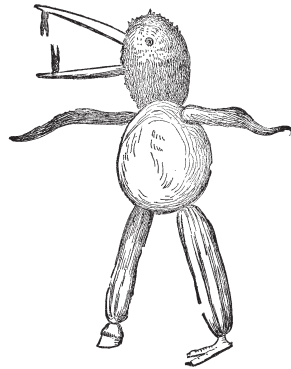


71>



jubilat

thirty nine



EDITORS

Caryl Pagel, Emily Pettit

PUBLISHER

Dara Wier

MANAGING EDITOR

Michael Medeiros

ASSISTANT MANAGING EDITOR

Rachelle Toarmino

ASSISTANT EDITOR

Leah Barber

SPECIAL FEATURES &

INTERVIEW EDITORS

Cleo Abramian, Nellie Prior,

Juleen Eun Sun Johnson,

Laura S. Marshall, David Richardson

WEB EDITOR

Lauren Haldeman

FOUND OBJECTS EDITOR

Emilie Menzel

READERS

Cleo Abramian, Colin Drohan,

Julio Diaz, Nellie Prior, Ruby Ferris,

Madden Aleia, Dashaun Washington,

Lena Walker, Vida James,

London Dawn Beck, Michael Zendejas,

Adam Grabowski, Franchesca Viaud

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

Heather Christle, Christopher DeWeese,

Peter Gizzi, Kevin González,

James Haug, Terrance Hayes,

Ben Pease, Guy Pettit,

Camille Rankine, Evie Shockley,

Bianca Stone, Ocean Vuong, Arisa White

FOUNDING PUBLISHER & EDITORS

Robert N. Casper, Christian Hawkey,

Kelly LeFave, Michael Teig

jubilat from 2000 to 2021 published twice yearly. This is its final issue.

BUSINESS & EDITORIAL ADDRESS

University of Massachusetts Amherst

South College W342

150 Hicks Way

University of Massachusetts

Amherst, MA 01003-9269

Subscriptions closed. Single issues are available for \$10. If you have a current subscription we will be in touch about it.

Distributed by Ingram and Ubiquity

jubilat is funded by private donations and the University of Massachusetts Amherst College of Humanities & Fine Arts

Submissions via Submittable or contact us at jubilat@gmail.com

© 2021 **jubilat**

No portion of **jubilat** may be reproduced without permission

ISSN: 1529-0999



College of
Humanities
& Fine Arts



Friends of the Jones Libraries
AMHERST, MASSACHUSETTS



Mass
Cultural
Council

This publisher is a proud member of
[**clmp**]
COUNCIL OF LITERARY MAGAZINES & PRESS

CONTENTS

- 10 *My Heart Is a Horse*
RACHEL ABRAMOWITZ
- 11 Excerpt from *The Art of Finger Dexterity*
JOHN ASHBERY
- 16 *Open World*
MICHAEL BALILI
- 20 *Two Pieces*
SOMMER BROWNING
- 22 *It's Important I Remember That It Costs Extra
to Add Cheese on a Whopper—*
CORTNEY LAMAR CHARLESTON
- 24 *Three Poems*
GILLIAN CONOLEY
- 31 *Two Poems*
CACONRAD
- 33 *Three Poems*
MICHAEL EARL CRAIG
- 37 *Autumn*
CHRIS DEWEESE
- 38 *She Got Love: a circle of spells for Ana Mendieta*
CAROLINA EBEID
- 39 *The Lamp of Juxtaposition*
JOSHUA EDWARDS

- 40 *Happiness*
CORWIN ERICSON
- 41 *The Electric Blues*
LOGAN FEBRUARY
- 42 *Gravidity*
JESSICA FJELD
- 43 *WE CONTAMINATE THE INCIDENT*
EMILY KENDAL FREY
- 45 *Pink Salt*
VANESSA JIMENEZ GABB
- 49 *Two Poems*
MARIE-ANDRÉE GILL
(TRANSLATED BY KRISTEN RENEE MILLER)
- 51 *Vastation*
PETER GIZZI
- 53 *dark Paris*
RACHEL B. GLASER
- 55 *a dream of foxes (after Lucille Clifton)*
RACHEL ELIZA GRIFFITHS
- 68 *A Spiritual Practice in Spring 2020*
KIMIKO HAHN
- 72 *Poetry Comics*
LAUREN HALDEMAN
- 74 *Left Planet*
JAMES HAUG
- 76 *Choose a Network*
CHRISTIAN HAWKEY

- 82 *Cantos for Ghosts*
TERRANCE HAYES
- 85 *Two Poems*
BRIAN HENRY
- 87 *I don't even want reparations*
KAM HILLIARD
- 88 *New York, 2020*
EMILY HUNT
- 96 *Spell for Black Safety*
LAUREN HUNTER
- 99 *LOVE*
MIAH JEFFRA
- 104 *Some of Us Have Lost a Bit of Ourselves*
STEVEN KARL
- 106 *Pen, Page and Soul*
JOHN F. KEANE
- 108 *Yellow*
DOUGLAS KEARNEY
- 113 *prayer from the bottom of the well*
MACKENZIE KOZAK
- 114 *The Holy Wand*
SETH LANDMAN
- 116 *Skeletal Brief for The Shining*
DOROTHEA LASKY
- 120 *The Jeansed Horse*
MARK LEIDNER

- 124 *from Monster Poem*
 LESLE LEWIS
- 128 *Cedar Waxwing*
 KATE LINDROOS
- 129 *Moguls*
 NATALIE LYALIN
- 131 *Then*
 ADITI MACHADO
- 132 *Telling It to the Birds*
 NATHANIEL MACKEY
- 138 *Twenty Reviews of Potato Chips*
 ERINROSE MAGER
- 143 *Wifi*
 RANDALL MANN
- 146 *Two Poems*
 SHANE McCRAE
- 150 *Myth*
 ATA MOHARRERI
- 151 *Held*
 EILEEN MYLES
- 152 *Grief Coda*
 JAC NELSON
- 158 *Hum*
 DIANA KHOI NGUYEN
- 160 *The Red Axioms*
 CINDY JUYOUNG OK

- 161 *Barrel Bolt*
 BEN PEASE
- 163 *Announcing*
 ZACH PECKHAM
- 165 *Three Poems from Brush Arbor*
 KIKI PETROSINO
- 172 *The Telephone Game*
 NELLIE PRIOR AND CLEO ABRAMIAN
- 178 *Photographs*
 KHADIJAH QUEEN
- 183 *Coincidence is a Spring of Romance*
 MARC RAHE
- 184 *Avian Warning/Morning*
 BIN RAMKE
- 203 *Untitled*
 ANDREA REXILIUS
- 186 *blackbook explication of the third stasimon of Sophocles'*
 Electra drafted in Krink K-70 in Reggio Emilia
 FORTUNATO SALAZAR
- 188 *Three Poems*
 ZACH SAVICH
- 195 *I don't find it exquisite*
 LAUREN SHAPIRO
- 196 *Two Poems*
 BRANDON SHIMODA

- 198 *good life*
 EVIE SHOCKLEY
- 199 *Recent Naturist*
 JOHN SIERACKI
- 201 *Globes*
 EMILY SKILLINGS
- 203 *Good Luck*
 SAMPSON STARKWEATHER
- 204 *Death*
 JORDAN STEMPELMAN
- 205 *I'll Tell You*
 BIANCA STONE
- 207 *Story*
 LARISA SVIRSKY
- 208 *from Underdarker*
 PAIGE TAGGART
- 209 *Stop Saying Beautiful*
 MICHELLE TARANSKY
- 212 *Epigraphs*
 JAMES TATE COLLECTED BY KATE LINDROOS
- 219 *Stone Age*
 SOPHIA TERAZAWA
- 220 *Huddle*
 RODRIGO TOSCANO

- 222 *Blood_Soil*
DIVYA VICTOR
- 226 *Amazon History of a Former Nail Salon Worker*
OCEAN VUONG
- 230 *"In a Dark Time, the Eye Begins to See"*
WILLIAM WALTZ
- 233 *I leave girlhood*
ARISA WHITE
- 237 *The Monkey King Descends from the Clouds*
HAOLUN XU
- 239 *Fragment*
LYNN XU
- 240 *Annual Air*
WENDY XU
- 242 *I See You*
MATTHEW ZAPRUDER
- 245 *Shot Tower*
JAMES HAUG
- 246 *Appearances of Eternal Absence*
EUPHRAZIE ZEOLIDE BARROIS
- 248 **Places jubilat Likes to Visit:**
GEORGIA Gallery
- 250 *Provenance: Excerpts from Women in Concrete Poetry:*
1959-1979

MY HEART IS A HORSE

Rachel Abramowitz

-hair cushion. My heart is a black
hut where the moon gets in through a hole
no bigger than a dime. Like the moony face
on the wall, the petals of my heart stretch so hard
they fall like galaxies. O tiny red-legged jewel,
carnelian on a rugged beach where the only flowers
come from the sea. O molehill, how you
appear, heart-like, against the green fields.
How the apples of this orchard open their jaws
and eat every horse they see.

FROM THE ART OF FINGER DEXTERITY

John Ashbery

I. Application of the Fingers with Quiet Hand

A light rain, a walk in the proverbial park.
The unknown crowds around us, then dissipates
like a crowd losing interest.

The day is like a battle, i.e. orderly.
Someone comes from another place
to observe the losses inflicted on nothing much.
When there is somebody who knows somebody
the pavilions of reason wait askance.

2. The Passing of the Thumb

Noon on the busy airplane
and besides this may never happen:
perspective, misunderstood

3. Clarity in Velocity

What sadness knows, knowledge knows only
in it passing, like a large bell
passing fidgeting others who only signal
to the past when it is gone
or waiting there forever.

What I did I did already.
There is no one to make plain
particular ivy and so on.

Grief is panoptic and segments every
past questioning until we come out and admit
to our day as it won us,
and make it more interesting than it possibly could have been.
I love you, school.
Trespass in shade.

4. Light Articulation in Half-Staccato

The one who came up to me and said
part of the American muslin movement
depends on what your shoulders told
the speckles of sunlight is off again:
The great brown and black ships
have drifted to the north
and the helmsman temporarily hides his face.

Loop my stuff together again shall I?
Soapsuds will always be cheerful for
they cannot escape their gurgling future,
any more than you or I could cancel
the dentist and what he means to accomplish
within our pastel and hybrid fears:
one of her favorites if and when he saw it.

5. Evenness in Double Runs

O happy something

6. Clarity in Broken Chords

By the next day, Thursday,
bank examiners blew up the espaliered
orangery like at the charm school
massacre when milady partakes
of mildness, all smilax and curls,
and through the *tonnelle's* damp falls
as though this were a hirsute day
on the river.

Still there are races
of twins on squatty
savannahs where birds opalize,
twit bald demeanor.

Did that ever happen?

7. Changing Fingers on the Same Key

By and large, the anthill.
Let us fiddle into being
whatever stopped
short or came up as
we were on the point of leaving, and said,
stay, just a little, can't you?

Orderly soul,
looking for a way in telling
us about dismantling—in a book?—
the way in is reversed now.
You bungle candor in issuing
an edition with notes—
what manner can they confine,
what new subjects elide
whose wan exegesis never tattled?

Fine with me, guv'nor.
I love it.

Excerpt from John Ashbery's unfinished 28-poem sequence *The Art of Finger Dexterity* (2007), inspired by and titled after composer Carl Czerny's Op. 740 *The Art of Finger Dexterity*. The larger project from which these poems were selected is forthcoming in the collection *Parallel Movement of the Hands: Five Unfinished Longer Works by John Ashbery* (Ecco/HarperCollins, 2021) edited by Emily Skillings and with a foreword by Ben Lerner.

© The Estate of John Ashbery. All rights reserved. Used by arrangement with Georges Borchardt, Inc.

OPEN WORLD

(PATCH NOTES)

Michael Balili

Ginormous moon has been readjusted
& painted Giotto blue. Blood
effects have been changed back
to the classic mist effect. Avatars

carving pumpkins or working at a wood-
working table will no longer ignore
avatars who die near them.
Added mouths.

Fixed: women now allowed to drive
moon buggies. Colonists can now visit
graves of dead colonists for a political
activity. Added: shrunken human heads

currency. Enemies will no longer
shout in pain forever after being shot
in the shin. Made all undead
respectful of one another. Old

rocks have been removed
& replaced with new,
varied rock formations.
Avatars with the jealous trait

will no longer send congratulatory
cards with anthrax on engagement/
marriage messages to their exes.
Fixed: thieves & their support groups

only speak one at a time
& only while holding the scimitar.
Raiders will no longer compulsively
attack doors. Emus now give less experience.

Emus now respawn frequently.
Bucket no longer hostile
to peacekeepers. Confident
children will no longer get a whim

to practice pick-up lines. Babies will
no longer change skin tone
when they are picked up.
Added: contaminated infant

formula as a crafting item.
Fixed crash when “War on
Drug” subquest completes.
Police stations cannot be destroyed

by a crossbow anymore. Made Buddhist
ambitions easier to fulfill. Fixed
some plots where activists
did not get what they plotted for.

Celibate characters
should no longer be worried

about their conjugal love lives.
Made strangulation take less time.

“Become Enemies with Child” wish
no longer appears. Waking up
in Chiang Mai no longer has a 100% chance
of hail. Historical characters will no longer

attempt to marry characters
that have not yet been born.
Fixed: occasional issue where a guest
would arrive to the player’s wedding dead.

Fixed: villagers sleeping with open eyes.
Drinking tea at home now creates a new,
slightly depressing memory.
Added an “open to everybody” button

to make sharing meteorites
& carcasses with other players easier.
Player corpses can only be harvested
for religious purposes once every 30 minutes.

Body count now accurate.
Comedians can no longer recruit
the following types of people
with jokes: ghosts, questgivers,

owned fembots, & anti-maskers.
Fixed: players being endlessly
dropped from the sky & back up again.
Your baby should now be properly born,

even if you pass out in the mines
on the eve of the birth. Children looking
for discarded toys in the trash
will no longer find themselves

discarded.
Sleepy towns should no longer generate
multiple clowns. Fixed: dog
does not cast shadows.

Horse in field will not aggro
if your alignment is neutral.
Fixed: problems with camera rotation
after slipping on a banana.

Fixed: Canned laughter sound
on opening eviscerated remains.
Changed: disgraced dictators are less generous
with the rocket launchers.

Fixed: breaking down
in the car's dashboard, on the sloped road
when raining, will now create
a hole in the world, corrupting save file.

Drowning no longer
makes you immune to drowning.
Fixed: You no longer fall in love
with every sign you read.

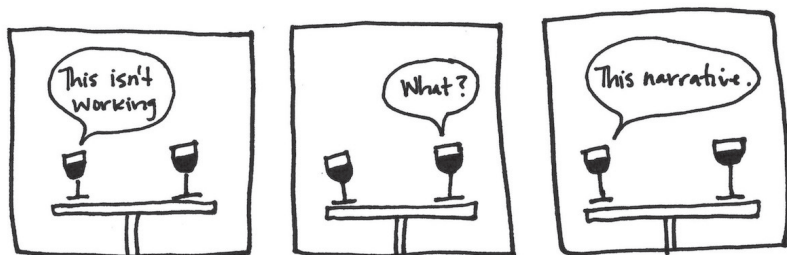
TO WRITE

Sommer Browning

for Camille

To write from the heart or the spine? To write from the heart or the spine. To write words you don't want to read. To read words you don't want to write. To hear words no one wants to hear. To hear anyway and "exquisitely." To write words others may not want to read. To write words others may not want to read and you don't want to hear. To write what others will read and read and read and read and read. To write words you might not want to write. To fuck wanting and write what is needed. To need wanting and write what you don't want. To want nothing and write. To write and want nothing to read. To read inside what others are saying. To read into and underneath what someone is saying to your face. To say to someone's face what is underneath their face. To not do this. To nod. To only nod but never in agreement—to nod to get away.

To pray when you don't want to. To put your baby to sleep first though you are exhausted. To always put your baby to sleep first though you are exhausted. To explain when you don't want to teach. To teach when they don't want you to be the one teaching. To teach anyway. To teach by accident. There are no accidents. To listen when you want to read. To listen when you want to talk. To talk when you don't want to. To write when you're not sure if they're listening. Can you ever be sure they aren't listening? To write as you put the baby to bed.



IT'S IMPORTANT I REMEMBER THAT IT COSTS EXTRA TO ADD CHEESE ON A WHOPPER—

Cortney Lamar Charleston

I hear the late Big L's voice in my head whenever I think about it:
I wouldn't give a chick ten cent to put cheese on a Whopper. Now,

misogynist though the source may be, it did teach me a sly lesson
about consideration, that the smallness of a gesture does not speak

to its level of significance. They said, when asked, that they offered
him the burger as a form of sustenance after he'd not eaten for days,

but I wonder whether they gave him the additional delight, if they
considered him in that intimate way, allowed him to cut to the front

of the line of their concerns, called him Dylann rather than Roof.

I've been to Burger King enough to know the Whopper is the first item
on the menu: a flame-grilled 4 oz. beef patty, lettuce, tomatoes, onions,

pickles, mayo and ketchup on a sesame seed bun. They would've confronted
the choice almost immediately: whether or not to bestow an act of kindness

on top of an act of kindness upon a young man who murdered nine people
at Bible study before their creator and his. I want to say they wouldn't

opt for the American cheese the way my mom or dad used to for me,
taking charge over my pleasure, perhaps rewarding me; but, then again,

the officer was already waiting in line that day, maybe even aligned—
like the beliefs of parents and children tend to be—considering all I know

about policing in this country that a delectable yellow slice is named for.
That I paid extra for. That made me weep, being as familiar as it was.

I guess, in the end, it is the little things that matter: that gratify, that hurt.

THE PASSENGER

Gillian Conoley

Nefarious mind-wanderings of the passenger.
The beer garden's composure in its death rattle,
green partitions, scaled walls, backstroking
waterways, lure to lure— The passenger rejects projection
and its limpid mirror-like distortion—
prefers vibratory qualities of the seat cushion, a spreading of the hands.
The passenger walked without destination for years
without aging, in open sorrow.
A suitcase out of which everything had fallen by the wayside, bit by bit,
as though a salesperson without ware.
Along sidewalks, discarded nurse caps, the gloves of queens.
A demolition of the route, in the deep mycorrhizal network
between whitebark pine and subalpine conifers,
the passenger began to step and swerve in a privacy-preserving manner,

a hologram projected up against a hieroglyph,
figure drawings in caves,
indeterminate, exact, the sun going red, yellow, red, often never, unearthed.
The passenger finished off the memory drink, with its supernova's
hyperrelativistic speck.
Sun hanging in more than 4 billion years old, a glimpse,
a glint, the memory drink's access into Homeric times
when one could pick up one's chariot with one hand.
Warmed ocean, open country.
It was most like night, this thing we walked into.

ALL THE DEAD ARRIVE IN SKEINS

all the dead arrive in skeins, from slopes,
out of forests begat in forests,
neglected fields
completely wide out in the open—
in the kitchen.

bodies
reeling, unreeled,
a film. blue.

how do the infected dead feel about the natural dead
and the murdered dead.
no time for that,

shotgun,

that
was the living
dodging one another,

folding in
upon their families,

a soft meringue.

berry-stained hands, bone marrow, a faded photo imaging--
cryptocurrencies of the dead.

the nurses zip the tents.
severe, acute.
crows dive, hawks glide, dew
confuses day for night.

the people walk and run and walk,
the smell of bread
a humidity in which the hair dampens,

an infant cry
each has long been apart from.

decomposition in a body bag,
a humidity in which the hair dampens.

the city's gold day
a dispensing chemist.

one stranger, two strangers,
four hundred thousand strangers,
who is your friend?

mucus, fog, mist in the sunny pantry.
psalm. asylum. amaryllis.
in dreams, I sweep
your forehead, a lavender post-it.

one stranger, two strangers,
four hundred thousand strangers,

the people walk and run and walk,
an infant cry
long apart.

each day—morning— the head falls low,
lower, the spine lengthens.

END NOTES

accompaniment allegro andante

My daughter walks down the hall, says

pretty music,

the potting soil in the car,

why don't you get it out?

Foggy bodhisattva pall of silence in the neighborhood one towhee
one red-breasted robin.

Oppressive, though a delicate melody.

The corpses, the equations, the creek beneath the lawn

a freshet and a desolation.

rondo rallentando recitative

My daughter and I are in a series of animated postures

Martha Graham's with masks as we ready to go out.

Our palms curve up into the room tone.

None of this is eternal.

We make the no dying signal.

We pat our pockets. We have everything.

The day's necrology.

Our hair is falling.

The atmospheric river. Saturn, Jupiter cross.

NO ONE HOLDING IT SHUT

CAConrad

he called me a morbid son
of a bitch and it gave me pause
enjoying a love song written by a
woman who died one day despite
her intimate care for the
world around her
may our levees hold
may our strength return
a meow avowing a roar
there has been no one
since he died who can
be there in my chest
lift me into morning
believe in love again
someone said not to write about
love which is a conversation we can have
after I am finished writing this love poem
holding a fist of wheat in the wind
a day to be as small as possible
following thoughts to their smells or
sit and listen for the archive to waken
the night before moving I woke
then decided to go back to
sleep for one more dream in
the apartment where I loved him
when he was alive
actually and completely
real flesh with fingers pressing
glow in the dark stars and planets
above the bed and turning
to smile and join me
on the pillow

VISIT A LIVING BEING TO EAT WHAT FALLS FROM THEIR BODY

I am the
wagon wishing
you would find me
a maple left uncut
the rock that smashes nothing
seeking a god who speaks to
memories of life before
the heart's affliction
your cum tastes like
hand sanitizer what
have you been up to
when too many die
we deceive despair with love
sex with a man at a funeral
destroying death in his car
a holy perforation for a ghost
for best wish catch apple as it falls
eat seeds and worm to seal your destiny
everyone puts what they've got into the wheel
driving across America
raw imagination faster
than spirits keep up
I cannot remember
the last day a digital
watch was the only
digital object in my life
the first heart transplant
was the last day everyone
alive had hearts we were born with
something to get used to
I was only one year old
but do not remember
anyone objecting to
someone keeping their
strength with someone else's muscle

PREPARING FOR SLEEP

Michael Earl Craig

I lay in the dark on my side
thinking about the different
sides that I'm aware of.
The side of a horse.
The side of a ship.
(Old Ironsides.)
A side of beef.
A side of slaw.
Big spoon of mac & cheese
and its subsequent ramekin.
Then ramekin production...
the glazing of ramekins...
the inspections and the bubble-wrap.

I extend one foot out
from under the covers.
The cover of night.
The album's cover.
The barbecue's—its
rustic joi de vivre in
waxed cotton canvas duck.
If it looks like a duck, walks
and quacks like one it
might be a goose.
The goose who crossed the road.
(Why did he do it?)
And later the goose confit.

Meat in its own fat.
A fat lip. A fat knee.
The fatness of cats who
(I retract my foot)
can't fit through the door.
Not just cat doors but any door.
Any door that groans a bit.
Any door that vibrates.
The old door of redemption.
The door of deep feeling.

FIRMAMENTS

The cat chilled out in the basement
sniffing carpet swatches. Auburn nights
required auburn thoughts. The whole
family slept throughout the large house
in each of the many upstairs rooms
with each of their heads hanging
awkwardly over different edges of
their beds. Most aimed at the ceiling.
One aimed at an open window.
And one in one of the colder rooms
was aimed at an opened book that sat
on a dresser in another room.
In someone else's room.

THE RETURN OF STANISLAUS

Now that the corn is up and the hay is down.
Or that the hay is up and the corn is down.
Now that the scythes have been touched-up,
have been oiled lightly and hung in the rafters.
Now that bucolic wonder has washed across the valley,
has flowed like champagne light into every nook known.
Now that the wheat has been separated from the chaff,
never again one to intermingle with the other,
and the pheasant has been shot on the run,
or even if it wasn't running, and plucked
of every feather on the trail, in the dust,
and hung then from the pommel for any traveler to see.
Now that the horses have been greased
and carefully parked under waxed tarps
where they'll wait in beige box stalls for oats
and maybe apples. Now that night has fallen.
Now that the comet can be seen in the sky
but probably won't be, and the smell of baked bread
is moving through castle corridors, and the feeling
a foot might have as it passes up out from a stocking
is not entirely out of the question. Now that candles
are lit, that mice are on the move, that dried blood
has marked the stoop. It is now that I bend down
to lift the little one into position. Now that day's been
on the run and ran. And out from shadow steps my Stan.

Magdalena Ventura with Her Husband and Son,
by Jusepe de Ribera, 1631

AUTUMN

Chris DeWeese

In the evening,
every arrangement feels intentional.

You add a few yourself,
nailing leaves against the fence

as the crows call the season
down around you,

the moon crowding itself
behind a cloud

like someone finishing
a cigarette.

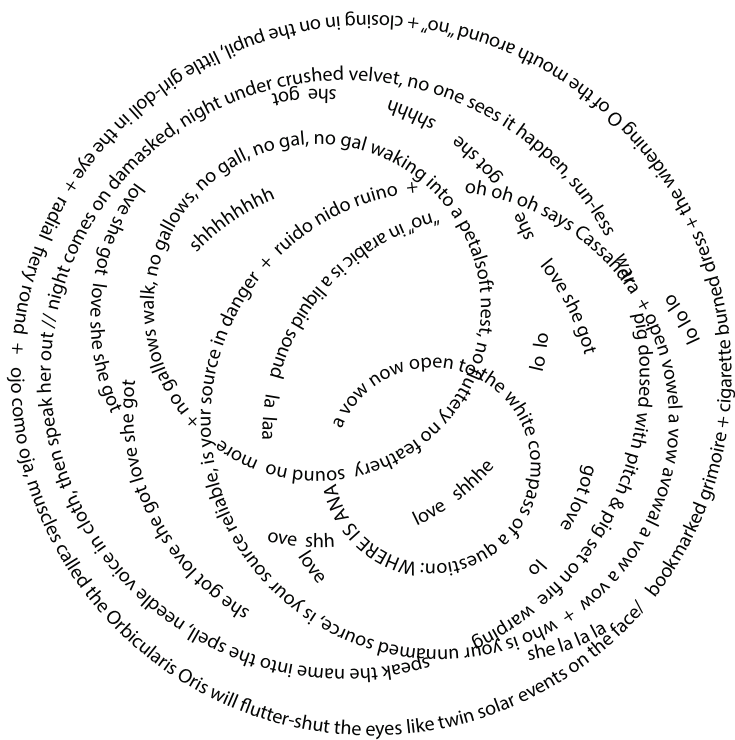
The porch swing creaks,
and there is no name you know

for this feeling
that the world is full

of just about everything
you haven't lost yet.

SHE GOT LOVE: A CIRCLE OF SPELLS
FOR ANA MENDIETA

Carolina Ebeid



THE LAMP OF JUXTAPOSITION

Joshua Edwards

Drinking their fifth cup
of coffee, someone sits
alone, studying an Italian
dictionary, while at
the neighboring table
five people laugh at a joke

about Rome. Behind them,
standing by the espresso
machine, a woman
in a jersey reaches out
to touch a man's face
and her elbow brushes

across six pink roses in a
glass vase. On a nearby
table someone left a cup
of water and a sugar jar.
Across the room, a married
couple sits quietly facing

each other: one is reading
the introduction to Keith
Waldrop's translation of
Paris Spleen and the other
writes a little poem, called
"Observations in a Café."

HAPPINESS

Corwin Ericson

It rains, we sing all night.
I'm so happy to sing with you
to sing like you and you and you
I'm so happy we're so happy
happy gabbling happy
with supercharged sperm
Happy polyphonic sameness
Happy frog fucking song
I'm happy like you are happy

I am happy I am happy I am happy
I am happy I am happy I am happy

I am happy for cars
I am happy for this smallest hour
I am happy alone in thready light
I am happy to wait and kaw
till I can squawk at cars
and hop from smear to tasty smear.
Noisy wet happy frogs in the road
there are shadows above the fog
one of them is my hungry self.

THE ELECTRIC BLUES

Logan February

When it came at last, it was crystalline,
as though distilled in floating bits of ice
in the mind of God, as though an eye had been
sharpened and pressed against the finest cut of glass.
I had been looking right through everything, conjuring
legends of what the stars might have in store for me
—a man falling from the clouds, a man walking out of the ocean
at midnight. I was looking to the horizon, seeing nothing
but the dark that moved through the dark. My eyes
were transfixed by another immensity: blue
of the deep and deadly waters, heartless blue of the seaside winds,
blue of the hours and hours, of brocade pants patterned
with spirals, of bedroom walls embroidered with motifs
of sad blue women, blue of the early days that broke
with easy waves, blue from the depths of desire
which rose to color my skin, blue of the heavenly bodies,
the partial eclipses, of starlight burnishing the Victoria Island sky.
There was no roof where I sat outside the Hard Rock Café.
I stared up; I stared out at the frangipanis strung with fairy lights
while I waited for my blue cocktail
which did not arrive until I was no longer expecting.

GRAVIDITY

Jessica Fjeld

I woke myself up to remember the words exactly
with a knife I sliced my children's toast
With an ache I contemplated handstands

Stripe me red and bury me deep
I am pleased to please you
My hair shed around me in a nimbus

On the beach from the tracks we could tell
a tractor had plowed away the rocks
left the baby (truly) gulls crying

With the sun like an iris in a cloud
when pregnant I would dig a hole for my belly
and lie my bones down over it

WE CONTAMINATE THE INCIDENT

Emily Kendal Frey

I want to stay

Right next to experience

The philosopher said green was useful,

Violet, unnecessary

The forest is burning

Hot ash sneaks in through the window

When I skip to memory

I decide to move past it

Every three thoughts involve my mother or a bus

Flakes of blue or yellow

A lot of dead people seem to be Leos

We like being told what we are

Then proving them wrong

You're an underdog, he said,
And we cut up all the fruit in the kitchen
To freeze for later, for a better time

PINK SALT

Vanessa Jimenez Gabb

In Kyiv they lived in the middle
of the night on brown bread
and butter they ate
cucumbers and tomatoes
with sunflower oil and pink salt
this was Kyiv
they'd already eaten somewhere
else but were so hungry
sometimes it would be fast
but lately it had been simple
food from the kitchen without having
to go out in the dark
and snow for what
was still at the table
he'd eat and smoke
she'd pace and make hot shapes
with her body in her mouth
she'd put food and look
at them in the hallway mirror
he looked like Rodin's sculpture
thoughts in sadness
she didn't think she should
return from someone that sad
having little to do with the philosophical
he was a painter
who returned to his hometown
given money and time

this was his assignment
this is what we want
but art is never as essential
as we alone would like
to think and be
it's been so hard
to do anything to get anywhere
I don't need myself
I already am me
I don't need any more
lessons in humility
just you
just you
she felt it exactly
having not written anything
or thought to in months
but love was taking turns
affecting a rock
but look at all you've been
just you
just you
or as he said
you be me
I be you
that's love
once a month they had said
no months would pass without
and so they hadn't
the flat was tall and old and cold
a small tree blinked
day and night

do you like our tree do you
she'd never cared about trees before
or this one just that
it resided there because he did
they'd projected so much
on the projector he used for murals
actors on blank walls
the same for their silence
the same for their talking
them of themselves
they'd close their eyes
and bite in perfect clarity
when they had the energy
they kept on
about white governments
and Trotsky
one time they read
one time they went to the ballet
once she tried to poem him
once he sketched her
you have so much pose
because I'm trying so hard
after she'd become nauseous
she wasn't used
to so much swallowing
are you going to come
come for me
yes
yes
if I fell out of love with you
that would make you a woman

who didn't know she was in love
in a voice different from their own
they blushed
you know I would never
do any of this if it weren't for you
I promise not to bore you
and she knew
this truth to be true
his simplicity
the simplicity
of a kind of life
of the kind of vulnerability
she wanted surprised her still
'bread'
'butter'
'salt'
then
'I took a plane here
then I took a plane here.'

from Chauffer le dehors

Marie-Andrée Gill

Still writing to survive, I make up lists of things to do, interpret fading images from good dreams: fried onions and hot soups, chanterelles and apple tarts; our accidents of simple happiness.

Even as dreams lose their contours, this practice gleams solid—the materiality of words. I know what to do and not do, I have the manual for these things, the rituals.

Something in me keeps its lamp on—a rip, not like a wound but like when clouds break open, between the lungs, an impulse that can't help but look for trouble, pick a fight, try anything that—

If you want to know where I am now,
that's me, writing *hey, what's up*
in zamboni meltwater.

Translated by Kristen Renee Miller

VASTATION

Peter Gizzi

What about the polar lights
that touch earth.
I have seen them on my voyage.
Vivid is my ship.
Looking there
I found an iridescence
opening a chatter
between self and ether.
I found a shoreline.
I found a face.
An uncharted face.
What can be said of love.
That I saw a ray breaking through,
saw the night pouring down.
The sky speaks to me and says
you will find shards,
unattended joy, pieces of sorrow.
Will sail past hell to get here.
Like a match struck,
there is the flare
and the midnight around it.
When the world comes back
you'll see a mound of earth

more dazzling than all the sea.
A blossom cutting cool air.
It's all there in the cello
and the bow, the tree
and its croaking.
It's all there in the soft tissue.
A musical flood.
The sky speaks to me
and says, I survived.
Says, there is this day
that can happen
when a face opens.
Now, that's all I see.
I was happy to die
if it meant I could live.

DARK PARIS

Rachel B. Glaser

you take me to Paris but it's dark Paris
a bat flaps across the museum
and it's been night for three days

in bad Paris we become lonely puppets of ourselves
roadkill abounds
carrots go soft

we wanted a vacation but we end up in pain Paris
where every painting hurts your head

we're sexually frustrated in dry Paris
and choke on handfuls of bread

I end up in hell Paris
where every thought is excruciating
but escape to sad Paris
wading through its weepy lakes

there is nothing quite like the music of sad Paris
which fills one like dessert

and I like the movies in dark Paris

and some of the jokes in bad Paris

and the sand art in dry Paris

A DREAM OF FOXES

after Lucille Clifton

Rachel Eliza Griffiths

a dream of foxes by lucille clifton

During the pandemic I've frequently returned to Lucille Clifton's 'the terrible stories' to help balance myself in a wilderness that makes me feel powerless, silenced, and desperate. Reading is an action that reminds me that there are always mediums through which our voices can be heard and shared.

Because I often have strong, visual relationships to the written word and the action of language, I began a series of visual works that are in meditation with a gathering of poems that live in me. The sensation of all this work being a draft, a feral process of cutting, pasting, printing, scanning, and seeking new relationships to familiar language felt immediate and vulnerable. Thus, I found myself sorting through archival, original and found photographic material, digital and lyric drawings from my "pandemic notebooks."

When I think of Lucille Clifton's body of work I am reminded of creation, revision, reclamations, reckonings.

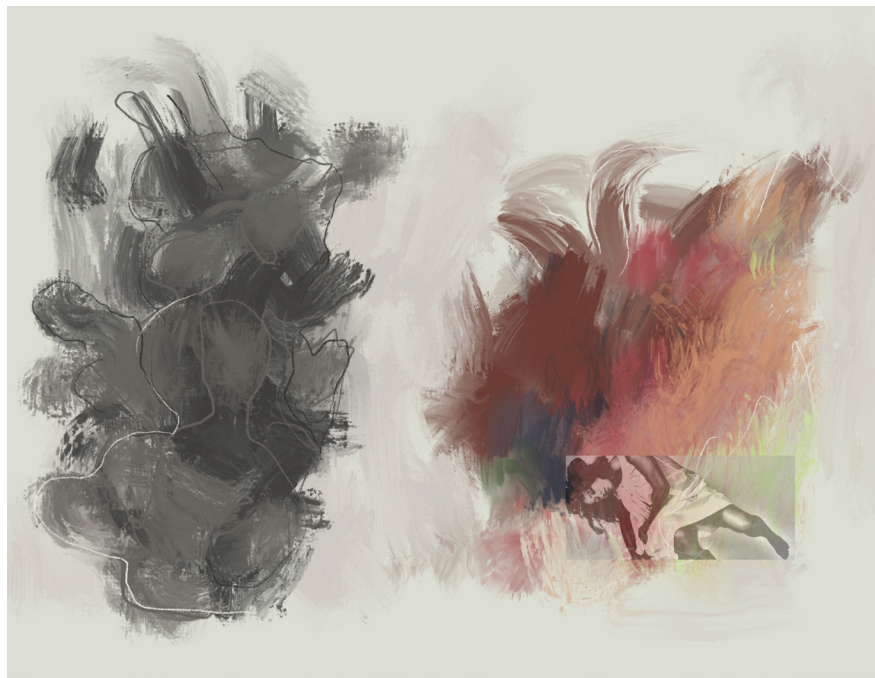
What is animal is kindred is
sister is safe.

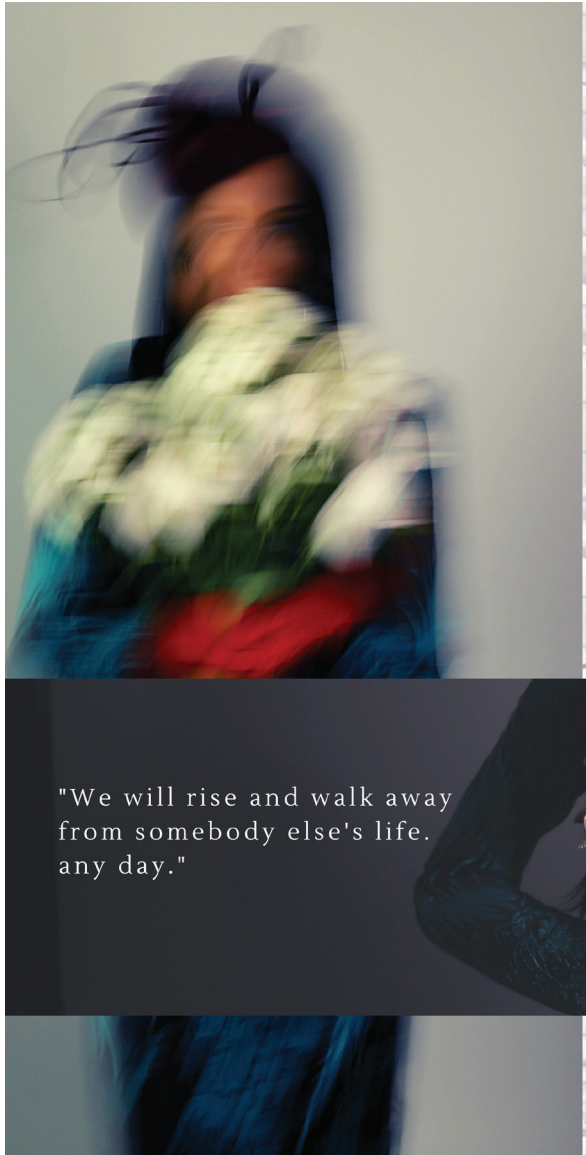






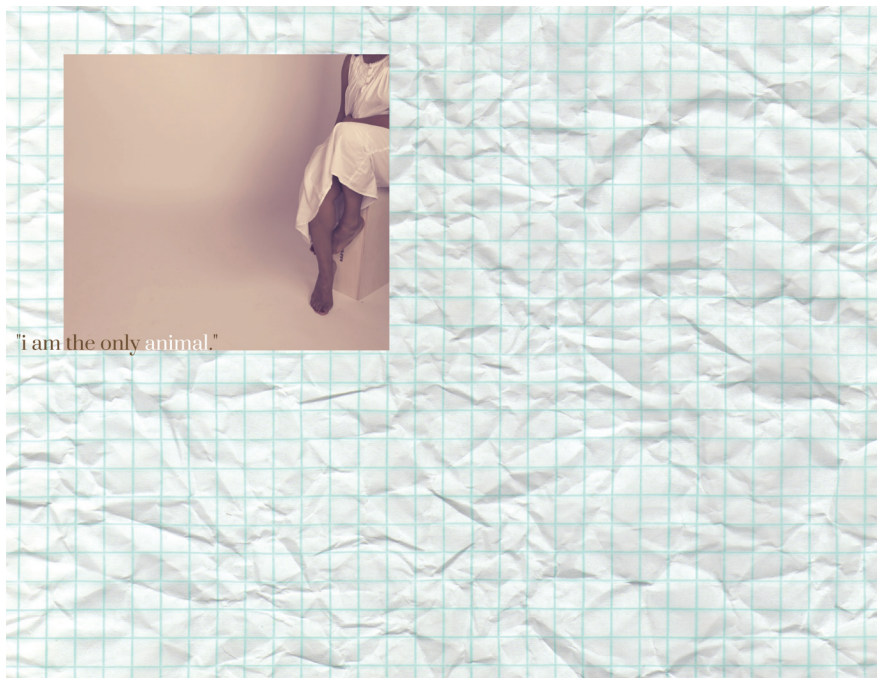






"We will rise and walk away
from somebody else's life.
any day."







"silent as my skin bleeds
into long bright flags of fur."









"only a lovely line
of honest women stepping
without fear or guilt or shame"



A SPIRITUAL PRACTICE IN SPRING, 2020

Kimiko Hahn

[The morns are meeker than they were -]

The tide puts on a twinge of weed,
the field, a flinch of flush,
the squirrel's pensive pinch
sprouts memory underground.

[The Zeros taught]

Order is a button reckoning needle and hand--
order is a calico dreaming of cream--
order is a pair of birds, one seated on a mess of twigs--
the other, fetching a few roundtrip--
order is a stalk bound to sticks as beans assume a line--
if not that pulse, see what a racoon commits when a father never
returns.

[Did the Harebell loose her girdle]

Did the nymph
devour his sister?
Did the female
decapitate a lover?
Did Death promise
aught or heaven?
Can Zero comfort
construed as Doctrine?

[I have never seen,Volcanoes' -]

I've never witnessed magma
but when scientists warn
the core is under pressure
to the point of boiling stone
and the city hears the heat
when sidewalks crack apart
and the deer read fumes
rising in their brake

then my gut logs bile
from rioting inside--
so could not a class blow open
from internal lexicon--

[Ruin is formal]

Yes, iambic. Patterned *a b c b*.
There's a key on a ring pinched
with a rabbit's foot dyed green.
Maybe a certificate of occupancy
so I can say to him--
All we possess, finally, is property.
Hedges. Pine and leaves.

[Split the Lark - and you'll find the Music -]

You split the sparrow
to see the charms,
tiny bones laid bare;
to see the song

fly from windpipe
into outer air;
to see a jewel
in its belly--
she was starved.
You couldn't just
deny me millet,
you took an ax to love.

NOTE: titles from Emily Dickinson.

POETRY COMICS

Lauren Haldeman



HOW DO
YOU SPELL
THAT PERFECT



THLP
THLP
THLP

FLTHP
FLTHP
FLTHP



LITTLE
SOUND A
CAT MAKES

WHILE
DRINKING?



THPLT
THPLT
THPLT

LEFT PLANET

James Haug

I remember the world
was always there
little but world
enough as far as
it went which was
as far as I went
mostly since that's
what I needed over
and over without
much thinking about
it I took a step down
the street then the next
until another street
presented itself never
did the other world
beyond it stop being
the other world but
there we are or were
in Kingston or
Palmyra the crowds
and the vendors
taxis and operators
the maps meant to
get there or back
I have a dime for the
last phone booth
it was in Texas I was

paused while opening
the door the stars
many and many more
what I miss most about
the world the world

CHOOSE A NETWORK...

Christian Hawkey

stylist1
stylist2
Xanadsu

TropicalSuperHighway
mango
dangerzone

Mongoose
Threadingplace
Ivan Spences iMac

WholeFoodsMarket
Darth Vader
You Can't Surf With Us

Dana Bittenbaum's iPhone
Ritual
Tartine

Skinnyboy
LEAPFROG
Structuralist Linguistic

reconfigured
Mothership
Gay SeaHorse-5G-5Gplus

Apricotocelot-2G
Awesomepossum
ThatisAProudTurkey

geezerbutler
JUGGCITY-5G
CLUB AMERICA

afroviiking
liberationlab
Magik Biscuits

Deux Oiseaux Zinzinz
Next Level
Peach Trees

Blackbear
CaveNest7375
crow

NotRaysPizza
bendablerubber-5G
PracticePilates

Club America
Eat my shit
littledog

Gourmet
Vibrant thing
Farellen's nettles-guest

CoCo's Island
outsidespike1o
Caroline's iPhone

BONZAI
tallulah5
HP-Print-81-ENVY 4500 series

invisible monster
porkystraphouse
Cousin Larry

hentaipalace
theBIRDCAGE
OUTPOSTnet

MajorTom
operasauvage
BRONZEPANDA-guest

PinkPort
Kentucky
PrincessWaffles

makin a move
punschkraperl
theenemyisrightbehindyoureyes

Alice in WonderLan
epic winning
PYUR Community

CANTO FOR GHOSTS

for dcb rip

Terrance Hayes

Every eye turned to the side door
when Frank Stanford entered
with a band called The David Bermans
& that black coiling, locking
orphan head of hair that gave him
the aura of a grizzly bear.
The Appalachian dust belly up
on the asphalt where it broke
to a gravel under the sky in a country
& western song penned by David Berman.
A “Transcript of Surreptitiously Taped
Conversations among German Nuclear
Physicists Learning America had Dropped
an Atomic Bomb on Hiroshima” appears
on the final page of menthol mountains
along with Thomas Bernhard
quotes, the late Bill Knott’s blog,
& a list of other David Bermans.
The boots of Johnny Paycheck were set
on the headstone & his voice came
over the air like avid static, avid whiskey,
avid hunger, avid evening, avid spirit,
avid ultraviolet colors van Gogh dreams
straight-jacketed at the asylum.
David Berman dropped by the wake
disguised as Frank Stanford feigning a frank,

standoffish, storefront philosopher pose.
A kisser chock full of liquors
& sun downs puked along the bars
& boulevards of every Memphis
on the planet. Some roads
are illegible as the handwritten map
someone leaves for a bride while others
are illegible like the handwritten map
someone leaves for a widow.
David Berman, the plastic surgeon
who re-attached John Bobbit's
penis, David Berman, mobster
& co- owner of the Flamingo Hotel
with Bugsy Siegel. After dreaming
himself as young Elvis, the inverse Dylan,
the not so antipodal Apollinaire
out of breath in Love Me Tender,
where he plays a tragic Confederate,
David Berman wakes in a new goatee
styled similarly to the goatees worn
by General Grant & General Lee
at Appomattox. David Berman,
when he reappears on the doorstep
of his beloved, will be the sad king
whose queen is kidnapped by pirates
as well as the wild troubadour
who rescues her & then recounts
for the court, at great length, his exploits
with aid of his blade, his fiddle,
a keyboardist, a drummer & his horse.
The troubadour falls for the queen.
Berman steps out of a Mom & Pop tavern

wearing large metaphysical prescription
sunglasses & singing faintly
but poetically & thereby briefly
outflanking the ghosts oppressing
his sub neocortex. There's a familiar tune
in the frequency of David Berman
frequenting the walkie-talkie
frequency of Stephen Malkmus
paroling the Whitney in the nineties
half appearing to be actors playing
security guards in a Jim Jarmusch
movie. David Berman, author
of "Do Good Design" a book on ethical
standards for graphic designers,
David Berman, the theoretical physicist,
David Berman, the Irish philosopher.
Amid the overflow of fire at the campsite
of the cookout in the deep summer
alive with gnats & mosquitoes
& high devil weather bearing down
on diners gathered to hear David Berman
whistle a blues originally composed
by Tommy Johnson, the less famous
of the two bluesmen to sell
their souls for aesthetics at the crossroads.
The strum & twang of the Delta guitar
Stanford plays in the band called
The David Bermans is absorbed
by the strummings & twangings strung out
over the eternal evening. Everyone
in these parts plays or knows someone
who plays in a band some weekends.

SELF-RESTRAINT

Brian Henry

in the face
of what tempts
is not that hard
if you keep in mind
all this is farce

*

Does not apply
to reflex
actions

a sneeze
a yawn
a shallow
thought

*

To fly
or not to fly

That is the question

LAKE VINDICTIVE

The surface
no longer
reflects:
you look
for your
self there
and it
simply
points
back
at you.

I DON'T EVEN WANT REPARATIONS

Kamden Hilliard

yet! First, I will take a #3 combo
bc i'm hungry and a #2 pencil,
not cause negros remain unprepared
for ontological warfare—but bc
I need to jot all this down,
every vector of extra-legal, state-
sanctioned, conspiratorial,
anti-accidental violence. See—look—

I all ready need another pencil
—in fact—gimmie a
pen to restrict
all war criminals of Yt
nationalisem:
they're Dicks,
they're Cheneies,
they're Fords, and
Black Gold,
their hawks, there
geese down.

This is carceral feminism insofar that
when I conduct G-d's forgiving audit
of yt time (its punctuations,) I am left
with the whole ass reality of global
terrorism and crimes against that there
humanity a yall's (whole nother poem).

NEW YORK, 2020

Emily Hunt







CONSIDERABLY SLOW AS FAR AS
GETTING DONE FOR MYSELF, THIS MORNING
& MORNING, IT'S SO SLOW FOR ME...)
& REACH YOU BY PHONE IN A BIT, BUT I
YOU MIGHT ANSWER MY PRAYERS FOR BLESSING MY
THE OPPORTUNITY TO MAKE YOURS TODAY...?
THIS LETTER WILL GIVE YOU THE NEEDED TIME TO MISS
MAY, HAPPY HOLIDAYS FRIENDS...

MUCH LOVE...

~~210~~ the
210
?

D9AD
CAL

NO DISCREPANCY









SPELL FOR BLACK SAFETY

Lauren Hunter

steel yourself

get steady

press a dark stone to your heart as close as you can

find a pulsing beat reacquaint your heart to outer space look at the stars then

don't look again for a long long time

memorize your shadow then draw it inside

memorize your dance move then pull it back inside

memorize the feeling of hugging your mother your family your father

and bury them inside

use your voice at an uncomfortable volume then listen to silence whatever you do

do not scream

hold your babies close and whisper sweet fables to them promise they can be anything
 swear to their inevitable success

 and do not cry

 fold your body unnaturally and painfully upon itself keep telling your story to the wind

 make yourself smaller and smaller and smaller still
 think dark, black thoughts

 whatever you do don't let your heart love anybody new

 instead love yourself raw
 over and over and over until it's infinite love for yourself, shining small and hard and
 black

 love yourself until your edges smooth and you resemble mostly a hard black seed or bulb

 baby become a bulb asleep loving and lying in wait

 i'll bury you gently i'll bring water and build a garden fortress for
 us to

sleep	safe	
		underground in dirt mud and muck
soiled		safe
		seed
in wait		love yourself hard in the cold white season
spring forth in a far distant future		
heirloom bulbs	for safe black bodies	precious proud
and effectively	thoroughly armed	

LOVE, IN 7 (OR, LOOK SOMEONE IN THE EYE AS YOU DENY THEM)

Miah Jeffra

after Mickalene Thomas' Maya #7

1. Eyes/Los Angeles, California. After the fireworks on the 4th of July. We lay in bed, our bodies forked, wooden clothespins on a laundry line. We stare at the popcorn ceiling of the room crafted with our felt and glue-gun fantasies. You say, "I don't know what I will be after you." I say, "We are all a composite of places and people." You say, "But so much of who I am is because of you." I say, "That will change." You say, "I don't believe you." I don't say anything. I want to believe that you don't believe me. I want to believe that I will always be the biggest piece of you, the central story. I want to believe the story hasn't ended yet. But I know that you will leave tomorrow. I know that you are bright and beautiful and will meet many places and people. I think at that moment of the time we went jumping off the Bridge to Nowhere, how glittered your eyes were, how grateful. I remember when you begged me to jump a second time. I think of that moment, and now woefully regret that I didn't. It is now as dark as a night in Los Angeles will ever be. You hold my hand and say through tears, "I'm scared." I softly squeeze yours, thinking I know what you're scared of, but I am wrong.

2. Couch/Asheville, North Carolina. You drive up from Atlanta to see how I am settling in. The almost empty farmhouse is a slate gray with a porch that faces bramble. I take you to a Meat and Three and marvel how they get the greens right—just enough bitter, just enough sweet. I walk you to the French Broad and presto my hands, This is a real river, not the toxic trickle of the Chattahoochie. You humble your mouth and remain small, keeping your step beside me, holding your breath

so that your fingers brush mine like a feather. I wave my hands like I'm selling the city. Once we get back to the farmhouse, you sit down on the blue Natuzzi couch that last week I hauled out of your suburban Atlanta flat, and you softly pat the space next to you, and smile. I turn and say, "I have to unpack." And you knew I meant, "I have to go."

3. Hair/Kailua, Hawai'i. You arrive on the doorstep of the house you used to live in—that we lived in together—with a puppy that smells like bread and sausage. You know I will be excited, and I am, but not exactly for what you think. I hold the puppy and tell you about all the things that I only told you about when you were always there, and the litany has you laugh. But I wasn't done, yet. You ask me to come up with a name for the dog. I choose Cinnamon because he is sweet and brown, and then I ask where you live now. You don't answer. I ask you if you are staying for dinner. You don't answer. I ask other questions I care nothing about, just to keep you longer, but you know what I'm doing, and you tell me you love me. I know you love me, Mama, which is why the dog hurts me, somehow. When you leave, I don't follow you to the door, because Cinnamon is now mine and I have to take care of him. To me, that means to hold him in my arms and never let him go. But I watch you walk out, and the last I see of you through the closing door is your beautiful red hair hiding your face as you pull it closed. Two weeks later, Cinnamon will escape that same door and run directly under a neighbor's tire.

4. Wall/Seattle, Washington. We are sun-burning on a boat in Lake Union, you and I and a guy you like and our girlfriend that he likes. We jump into the water and pull ourselves out and lay on the deck, and consider our bodies that approach middle-age and yet feel youthful to us, still. You arrange your golden hair in front of your bikini, mermaid-style. "I wish we all lived in the same city," you say. "Why don't you all move up here." I say, "I love the Bay. It feels like home. But it's fun

to visit you.” You fall silent, and turn your head west, because it’s easy to hide the truth when the sun dowses your face. Our friends are splashing each other, and I laugh at their flirtation. You want to tell me that you feel alone here, and I know this, but you don’t say it. So, I scooch my body closer to you—not to be closer, but to show it—and I make a goofy face at you, the same one that has eased you for 15 years. Your eyes betray the bittersweet-ness that I know you feel, but you smile anyway. I place my hand on yours. I want to tell you that I can’t be everything you need, and you know this, which is why you say nothing more and allow the sun to hide this hurting.

5. Hands/Memphis, Tennessee. I’ve known you only for ten minutes and you’ve already asked me to be your friend. We are sitting in an empty bar drinking Abitas—you here because you like the people, I here because it was the closest bar off the highway exit, the highway I’m driving all the way to California. I tell you I started the day in Asheville, and you wish you’ve been there. You have such a kind face, and your shoulders are easy and wide. You say, “let’s go on an adventure,” and you drive us to a small shotgun house and score some Ecstasy. We drop and walk through the city. You stop and say, “before we blow up, I want you to know that I’m doing this with you because I feel a connection.” I nod slowly, and we continue walking. We weave in and out of neighborhoods in the night, we dance in a blues bar that smells like urine and Hubba Bubba. When the still dark sky begins to open for morning, we grab our guitars and play badly on the banks of the Mississippi, next to a bridge that goes nowhere. You are so happy there are tears in your eyes, and you say, “it’s easy to be close to you,” and you place your hand on my chest. You then feel my heart beat faster, and understand. Our bodies wasted, you invite me to rest back at your flat. Your girlfriend greets me with a sleepy smile at the door, and we all collapse on your bed, beyond exhausted. You whisper in her ear, and then begin to kiss her, running your hands through her hair. I turn

my back to you, and as I do, you touch my back and say, “Stay. You can watch.” Your hand is the perfect warmth, but I want to knock it away. You think you are giving me something, your eyes beaming. I rise from the bed and leave the room. The two of you already return to passion as I close the front door and face the morning. I drive nonstop to Oklahoma City.

6. Window/Baltimore, Maryland. We are watching the light fade behind the loading cranes on the harbor. Mama is surfing the internet inside the house while we drink sweet tea on the back porch. It’s a bit cold, but we like the temporary separation, we like that it is just us brothers. You say, “It’s nice to be together as a family.” I nod and stare out at the water in the far distance, because I never know what you really mean when you say things. You talk about how good your work is going, how grown your girls have become. Things are looking up for you. Then you say that things would be even better if you just had a couple thousand dollars to keep you in the black, that times are tough: school supplies, rent, food on the table kind of times. I think about the summer you stole my car. I think about the spring you promised you’d use the money to check into rehab. I think about the winter you wept into the phone and said your daughter had leukemia. I think about everything that comes out of your mouth and how it swirls into a thing that makes me shake. I think about how much I’ve always wanted to believe you. I look squarely at your wrinkled brow and say, only, “no,” my eyes fixed as I sip my tea, my breath a small cloud of ice. I don’t shiver, but I shake. Your wounded mouth almost makes me say sorry, but I reconsider—I know now that would only hurt you more. I have learned to look someone in the eye as I deny them.

7. Mouth/Rapid City, South Dakota. We have driven miles through corn fields, listening to podcasts and pop tunes and our five-year plans. My hand is on your thigh, as it always is when you drive, and I keep

motioning you to quit biting the skin around your nails. We hiked through the Badlands earlier that morning and you ask me why all the beautiful corners of America are so redneck. I say it has more to do with proximity than beauty, and you say proximity to nothing, and I say don't make statements in the form of questions, that it's sardonic, and I slap your thigh and laugh. You make that sound deep in your throat when you're thoroughly pleased. I look at you while you drive, so content, and I think I have done something right for a change. We are driving cross country and I feel I am showing you a world that is somehow mine but that now will be somehow yours. I marvel how after all these years there is still something new for us to share. And all this makes my hand on your thigh hot, and I notice the rest of your leg in the heat, and then more of you. And I can only think that I want my mouth on you, that I want to take you in more and more until I realize I can't get enough. But when I lean down to make this a gift, you kick your leg up and hit my chin. I look up at you in shock, and you laugh and say, "I'm driving." But the laugh is not playful. It is borne of anger, or something proximal. I pull back and rub away at my chin, not because it hurts. I say, "look at me when you do that." A small cloud of ice escapes my mouth. You stone your face forward, and I watch the color fade from your lips faster than any escape. The lines of the road run into our dashboard, and the rhythm of silence that always makes its way finds a pulse. I look over to you, and know that you are more hurt than I, and that is what makes my blood warm back and quicken. I place my hand on your thigh again, and you, without hesitation, without so much as a shiver, slide your fingers in mine like you were made of butter, and I watch your face return to its full, brown, open love. And once again, I flood with the feeling that I have done something right for a change.

SOME OF US HAVE LOST A BIT OF OURSELVES

Steven Karl

Of earth entered, bent backs flattened
Some of us have lost our fathers,

Awkward articulation & messy music
Uneasy embraces give in to feathers flown far-flung

Their legacy & after-song left, though not always of love—
Some of us have lost our mothers,

Complex refrain of apprehension & protest
Hereafter, a chorus of unforgotten florae

Fickled to any season in that mere light
Of almost dawn, awaken grasshoppers

Leap, fly, & then resume the shadows beneath the blade
Some of us have lost our brothers,

Slack slants in a forest of undecipherable trees
Soiled & slipping into an evening of reckless roars

Heavy heat of hurt & star burst from penthouse
To sturdy stoops perspiration collects around the collar

Some of us have lost our sisters,
Otherworldly spirits condemned to our atmosphere

Riotous protectors as siblings linger like littered luminaries
Dusk songs & evening oracles emptied until early morning

Exhausted myths & burden bearing down—
Some of us have lost a bit of ourselves,

Slow death alit in faint flicker
& yet lost in that interior landscape of partial slumber

Here is father still unperfect & still attempting to trill
Here is mother, mirror & magic with hand upon shoulder

Here is brother, glinting ice beneath midafternoon sun
Here is sister hear her feet burning the asphalt as she goes—

PEN, PAGE AND SOUL

John F. Keane

No stage required, no
Trained skills or costly
Instruments, no sable
Brushes, oil paints or
Easels needed; just pen
Page and soul bonded
In passionate union

Sparks of expression
Blowing across centuries
From Troy to twitter
From Peterloo to Ypres
Transcending politics
Gender and faith yet
All of these and more

Mesmeric torch of truth
Passed mind to mind
Most intimate record of
Living minds in history
Screaming in attic diaries
Of battles and atrocities
Leaping from clay tablets
Sunk deep in orient sands
Calling from worn epitaphs
In long-forgotten tongues
Unlocked by scholars from

Walls of silent hieroglyphs
A questing Mistral always
And forever seizing Now

Believe me not? Why, feel
These dappled shadows, this
Aspen foliage turning through
One burnished afternoon;
Hear busy sparrows thrum,
Soft calls of tumbling youth;
See an iridescent green-bottle
Shimmer on warm sandstone,
A squirrel's long-dead eye
Restored again, brimming with
Liquid brightness. Consider
The timeless viridian of epic
Autumn lawns; the kind lisp
Of temperate breezes in late
September of the Plague Year.

YELLOW

Douglas Kearney

- I. Pops' *Cordoba*, white as was white
 down the Altadena streets no damn sidewalks
 on some run the hell off.
 Pops' limp was his hips are up from some shit,
 so a negro's knees not a bop,
 was hurt on some Hell,
 something furious. A yellow Fury
 was his big car, then big white:
 —not lemon yellow yellow
 but butter yellow
 sallow tallow yellow
 not on some sun but what run under one. Are up hips, Pops
 hit Altadena streets, his butter Fury. Altadena streets, shit,
 no sidewalks our side got Black peeps
 all up in the streets,
 big cars. Letter-carrier Pops work letters
 in "*Cadillac*" what wasn't in nobody's *Cadillac*
 prior to putting a *Cadillac* up in his Altadena drive
 way he put himself hurt all hurt up

in the *Cadillac*. *Ca-DEE-LEE-ack*
 he'd say. *No lack*
 like. Shit *Cadillac* white as was
 white as new soap. But the Cadeeleeack a lemon, yellow
 in that Altadena drive was clean though. Lemon fresh!
 furious what with his hips ate. Big-ass cars for the way negro's knees hurt something
 Clean big-ass cars. Sidewalks run-off by something
 on Altadena drives.

2.

Mother was "Mom" never
 "Mama" from me here
 but gone, now, whither?
 Over yonder? If I Mama
 her now I fix for to give her what? To take?
 What's Mama that ain't Mom
 saaaaid my yellow mouth what
 it isn't. What it is not

 Mom never asked for "Mama."
 We was, she and I,
 yellow, I figure this now ontological? Yellow
 weeeeeeell, before she went over
 yonder she was yellow yellow
 jaundice, then gone, and then she was was.
 Me back at that Black-ass school
 we wanted my yellow ass in
 took it all in and got all up in it
 Mom, then she was gone
 and I out of it. Mom, that "giving
 mother" fix me an epistemology
 now take to calling her
 "Mama" with my yellow
 for to get what? or take? Saaaaaid
 mouth, taking her back
 to where she never was
 how I swallow her down
 now some buttermilk.

My daughter bout
 her pink and PJs say
 she bout her pink
 and plastics say, and sucrose
 heart, say, girl
 you bout that pink,
 we hadn't bought, knew better
 than to pink her eye
 and shoelace say, she bout her
 pink and bicycle say
 she bout her pink and bicycle
 helmet be hell yeah
 girl you bout dat pink
 we hadn't bought her
 we know better
 but it's a pink weather
 her hair get wet in.
 She caught pink
 cold, forehead ran hot
 pink, bout of pink cough,
 hack pink hawk,
 pink snot she sleeve off
 her nose stick

there crust to a glinting
rasp what scrape her
brown face pink come
she sneeze again. Bout
that. She sneeze again,
again, bout
of pink wheeze. We hold yellow
clothes to her skin, salve
of dandelion,
close our eyes, wish we—

PRAYER FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE WELL

Mackenzie Kozak

lord, i make method
of my malice — strip to
webbing, stick cartilage,
stun the tomb. and sleep
which strokes me with
its scythe. i pop melatonin
when the hours begin to
glitch, short clicks emerging
small and far off. bone spurs
in my feet that push and kneel.
for the wheel to stern its access,
for a spear and an emergence,
i have wept your way. scaled
the inner wall. lord, your dreams
navigate and clutch me, worm
the ear and eye. i promise i will
waver, i demand it. when my held
has been a bluff, something frayed
and staunch-walled. i make broad
the mooring, warden-brave. lord,
give me pleasure where i aim a spilling,
where i start to spread and grovel.
if a woman is a small need and
a hunger. dreamed the smallness
was a cave with no fruit or mirror.

THE HOLY WAND

Seth Landman

I wake up a feeling
a little tiger
a blink
on a string
a messed up mind
a bubble
sound on the wind
I wake up like the holy wand
a farmer
on a submarine
very much gone
a poltergeist
in the ripping bark
I wake up in the morning
and I have no paste
they are varnishing the oak
on the side of the driveway
I'm dreaming about Santa Claus
the sky stretching
over the cosmos
when I'm up I'm little
like lightning
I'm a big balloon
hungry for whatever's in the fridge
potato chips in the moonlight
it's 3 in the morning
I wake up hovering over the future

trying to save the lives of my friends
by sneaking around from car to car
refreshing dying batteries
turning off dome lights
I was listening to “These
Ain’t Raindrops” by James Carr
crying by the forest
seeing a little I love you
in the trees
you and me
were texting
I barely even know you
I wake up and there’s coffee
the tiger purrs and grins
my bed—is it always soft like this
this much I mean
is it this good
is this soft bed what
the force is
the feeling you get when it’s going
the way it’s supposed to go
I wake up approaching the speech
all these years I’ve been waiting
the wind picks up a little
ghosts shuffle along the path
I wake up in the middle of the theme
from *Carousel* my heart doubles
back around the oxbow
I can feel the winter freezing
when I fall in love



SKELETAL BRIEF FOR *THE SHINING*

Dorothea Lasky

I first saw it when I was 21, at an all night showing at the Tivoli movie theater in St. Louis.

I couldn't sleep at all the night after watching it and for many nights after.

I was that frightened and that excited.

I had finally found something that spoke to me.

"Remember what Mr. Hallorann said. It's just like pictures in a book, Danny. It isn't real."

"No sir, YOU are the caretaker. You've always been the caretaker. I ought to know: I've always been here."

What about trauma that plays and replays over and over and over again, like pictures in a book, deeply embedded in our imaginations?

Yes, I feel like *The Shining* is more a story about trauma than it lets on.

All hotels are in a way---an uncanny valley of home.

Even though they appear for less than 5 minutes for the entire movie, they [the Grady twins] are the figures that haunt me the most.

They are not actually twins but sisters.

This distinction seems steeped in the sublime, as they are not mirror images of each other but someone has done some work to make us think they are through their matching dresses and speech in unison.

What makes these sisters truly evil is their flat language.

The duality of their flat language only seemingly hides the truth.

- 1) "Perfect for a child,"
- 2) "See it's ok. He saw it on the television.";
- 3) "You've had your whole fucking life to think things over, what good's a few minutes more gonna do you now?"

It is the song of what is done to women---a language of violence doubled and magnified, the layering doubling of the rose.

What happens next is a lesson in what is possible with magnetism.

We see Jack's eyes turn sparkly as his head lunges slowly down like a cobra ready to strike.

Of course any story of Diana never really turned out well.

It is perhaps a scene that tragically replays over and over again in real life, when people direct another's action through gaze.

I could probably write a whole book about the rugs in *The Shining*.

We want to throw a beautiful rug over everything and call it a day.

The hotel permits you and it might never let you go.

And if there is a Room 237 somewhere for me.

If I find myself one day in a picture again from 1921.

Maybe all of this obsession with *The Shining* will have prepared me for that moment.

I hope that when I die I'm reborn as a thing running endlessly thru the snow.

I hope that I am reborn as a dog.

THE JEANSED HORSE

Mark Leidner

A horse has jeans on
up to its neck
where the waistline is
tight
so its mane
remains concealed
under the seam of denim

and all the way down
to each hoof
where the cuffs
of the jeans
are also tight.

The jeans
have pockets
covering its thighs
and the pockets
carry buckets
of change.
So much change
you would think
it would be too much
to carry
but the jeansed horse
is so strong
that the change
is weightless.

The horse gallops
everywhere
huge sweat stains
soaking through the jeans
salt lines etched
like lightning in the denim.
The jeans
get grimy, taking on
the texture
of a cowboy's, the real kind
not the Hollywood
kind, all threadbare and faded and gross
but the fabric holds.

The jeansed horse prances through heaven
its big stupid meadow
of empty beauty
change shaking
in its pockets
like cosmic maracas.

Did I mention how huge
this jeansed horse is?
There's more change
in the pockets
of its jeans
than the wealth on earth. Galaxies
poof underneath its hoof-falls
like dustballs
when it thunders down out of a rear.
Black holes kick up

in its wake
as it sprints, snorts
and nebulae fire from its nostrils, leaps
clefts
between clusters of stars, etc.

A single coin
from its sail-like pockets
would flatten the sun
like a sewer access cover
flattening a grape.

What you hear
between your ears
when all is quiet

is the aggregate jingle
of all that change
shaking into itself

sound neutralizing sound
in a giant equation
in the darkness of its pockets

as the jeansed horse trots,
lopes, canters, wanders
everywhere, etc.

Knowledge lovers
hate this revelation.
When they inveigh
that this myth

appears too infrequently
in the record
to be weighed
respond with a shrug
say you want nothing
of knowledge

of the already known.
You have been to the spot
the myth began.
You have seen the sounds
birthing their words.
You have given
with your ears
the hooves of this horse
their very shoes

as the psychic lanterns
of the jeansed horse's
eyes open endlessly
on seas of sawdust darkness!

FROM MONSTER POEM

Lesle Lewis

X.

Spring is the guide to our future.

He leans on his gun.

Nothing's next.

One human likes to read.

One human is kind to another.

In the middle of uselessness, a stick of use sticks up.

We squat.

We saunter.

We retreat.

We meet ourselves at night.

We imagine a sense we are missing.

Trees have been cut.

The line we said and went to bed.

She said, "He has a beautiful."

Gravity held her parts together.

A hard going rain on top of a crusty snow fell.

And now is the girl a bobcat or a woman running under the power lines?

The air is the same color as everything else, modestly invisible.

She lives on nothing,

Air is an airhead.

Her questions roam our halls at night.

They multiply.

The day begins her life standing straight up on her skinny legs.

She learns to walk, but forgets by evening.

Her life is short.

She needs coffee to start.

And a pill to end.

She is not actually a person.

She is more of an idea.

But you are here if I say you are.

You are a square rug.

A comma inserts herself between us and then pulls us together.

She drags a chair down to the beach.

She's a fast, little curve.

The gun fires four times a day, explodes in our faces, and
chainsaws all the trees.

She kills herself.

And keeps killing.

Her skeleton doesn't need skin.

She needs muscle.

Her violin has an ocean.

Her marriage has a walk.

Her residency looks out the window for hours and hours.

So the ceilings slope and yawns undress while the men in
machines tear apart the top of the world.

Farms with no farmers lie dead.

Toy soldiers lie on their sides.

We've lost our medicine box.

"Oh pale boatmen, collapse the boat!

Dispense quick justice!

Return to an ordinary life!"

Where are you parked?

Which way do you face?

CEDAR WAXWING

Kate Lindroos

A group of waxwings must have its own name as all groups must, as a collection of named things that is separately the same becomes a suddenly unidentifiable thing that requires something new in its supposed expansiveness, as if we were mistaken all along, as if the name was only placeholder for that which cannot be placed—which is an ear-full, a museum, one name used that makes sense and another that doesn't, the museum at night with the lights off—waxwings will survive on over-ripe fruit for months, drunk, sputtering through sky, sharply aware now of the miracle and grace of their flying, the ease at which they can accompany wind, the waxwing develops its orange color from the red berries it eats, a direct cause simple in its persistence of belief that one thing plainly causes another and it can be seen, a tightness, flocks can grow shrink widen flip scatter and rejoin in sky, a great social cooperation instead of invited chaos, a pattern of taking turns when food or water is limited, just a bunch of drunk birds who might love each other occasionally as one sometimes loves, there on branches moving as if in fact part of the very tree first they were named first after for their penchant for visiting and therefore though winged with an innate idea of and preference for that which requires persistent rooting.

MOGULS

Natalie Lyalin

I came here to run
an industry but instead
went in circles.
The new children gave
false welcome. At times
I thought they wanted
me dead. I came here
and landed, saw a highway,
cement up to the sky.
The sky I had flown
through felt like an
apocalypse. Felt like
a liberation, like a tragedy
that would shape me or
at least take my head
and hold it for a while.
But they said read, so
I learned to read. Then
they said play, so I
did that. Then they
said smile, and I showed
my teeth. I left, leaving
nothing behind. Maybe
a clump of hair, maybe
the smoking point of
my anger. I was haunted
by it, how quietly I left,

how I let them drive me away,
through the wide streets
like nothing had happened.
Like my head and my
heart and my teeth were
the same as when I arrived.
In hindsight, I had been
the ultimate. I had
shown my knuckles, and
when that didn't matter
I showed my eyes. How
my eyes refused to hold
anything, not tears,
not sorrow, not other
eyes peering in. Welcome
to the abyss, they said.
Welcome to America

THEN

Aditi Machado

Once it had been written 'Sacred means saturated with being,' you spoke that
zone into obliteration, lying out of an abundance of caution in untimely
grasses.

You could've had visions, you could've had anything you wanted by means of
indiscretion increasingly purveyed in those final years in which lyric was
put before all, lyric tea, lyric grant, lyric mass shooter, give yourself up
except you couldn't, not to the accountants, not to the heightened scrutability
of the land, heights you'd fall off of.

Then an opaque zone. Or darkness bled. Impossible to extract confessions
when they're spilling already everywhere.

Then bloodless darkness. Dissent.

Trust nothing. The sun is president.

TELLING IT TO THE BIRDS

Nathaniel Mackey

—“mu” two hundred seventy-first part—

We had looked ahead, seen something
coming. The worst, we'd read, was to remem-
ber a past life. All we knew was the birds
had
been debating for ages, no consensus or
conclusion had been reached. Huff was
saying Eleanor had granted him her favor,
a
likelihood we no longer dwelt on had we ev-
er. She wore folds of cloth, he went on,
one felt one's way thru to body and bone,
her
short, bony feet having worked one up...
The world was wobbly. The real, another
name for it, would not stay put. The birds
had
been boning up, reading books, an aural waft
rising out of which reached us, a sense or
a scent or the Persian poet himself, depending
on
where the accent went. Ascent it might al-
so have been. All of these it was we were taught
and we worked holding them as one, an in-
sinuative sarod at our backs in the background...
Read-

y or not, we were anthem-a-ning, twang the
redounder of ages, nothing if not. Twang the re-
joinder it also was, regenerative prong, what

went

for love whatever went for love. Not to com-
mit to either accent, we left it unpronounced,
known and not otherwise not there, a perfume
as of olden days and a mustiness. Music, angle,

word

beset by bird beak. Music, angle, paint. Huff's
open erotics faded as the anthem grew loud,
the ongoingness it announced of another sort. Would
we be there, it rhetorically asked, voice all gruff,

gut-

tural auspice, the strain of it connoting other-
wise... It was song whatever, whichever, number
long since lost, song, it avowed, whatever, no

mat-

ter, song a trucking song. We'd been eating rice,
beans and corn for comfort, chicken wings on
the side... It wasn't up to us and it also was... We

won-

dered who was to say and
what

♦

What words could be found for wasn't all
there was. Words kept coming anyway.

Telling it to the birds wore thin, they were
not listening. "Dear Birds" turned into
a plea. They turned us a deaf ear, wanting to
say
something about duration, wanting to say
the isolate moment was an illusion, never not
to remember beaks had been kisses none-
theless, augury flown loose, the occasional cry
that
fit, how rotten Nub was we were still to know..
Nub told us tell it to the birds, who already knew.
Seeds of every sort cracked as though their beaks
were teeth, taken on their rough tongues, they the
blink-
less ones
knew

The birds, knowing what they knew, knew
 it beyond books, beyond reading, no matter
 they'd been reading, boning up. Some were
 making
 excuses, falling by the wayside, trem-
 bling with what they knew, atwitter with it...
 Could the moment not concur with itself they
 had us wondering, the wonder of instantaneity
 a lie...
 I glanced over at Andreannette. Our Lady of
 Raw Remit I momentarily fancied her. The mo-
 ment's extenuation turned us out, as if the birds
 were
 us, we them, being
 told

“Peetie Wheatstraw died on his own birth-
day,” the voiceover said out of the blue.
What movie was it we were in we wanted to know...

David S. wailed and publicly wept as the
voiceover faded, the bird he’d be one of those
who’d been reading books, Ganesh’s book the
book his would be... It was almost all fade,
all fable, branches holding on to the sun as the
sun was falling, the birds birds whose rhyme words
would
be

Twenty Reviews of Potato Chips

Erinrose Mager

Kettle Brand Farmstand Ranch: 3/5

First of all, I have never purchased ranch at a farm stand. Second, this chip tries and fails to be a Cool Ranch Dorito. At best, it's an ersatz sour cream and onion. It knows not what it is, but I enjoy this chip because it's trying—and trying is admirable.

Cape Cod Kettle Cooked Sea Salt & Vinegar: 5/5

I'm stoned as I write this, so my review is skewed toward total wonder. This chip's vinegar is direct (as it should be), but not overpowering (rare). This chip showcases the potato itself—much like the best plain seltzer showcases water.

Lay's Fırından Yoğurt Ve Mevsim Yeşillikleri Çeşnili Patates Cipsi: 4/5

These chips perform like well-herbed crackers: perfect alone or paired with a dip. Sturdy hexagonal shape. These are not ripple-cut; they're *ribbed*. I don't know how else to describe this chip's topography.

Ruffles Cheddar & Sour Cream: 5/5

Who wouldn't want to destroy a bag of Kraft macaroni and cheese-flavored chips? Over-powdered with MSG and completely lacking in complexity, these chips are perfect and hypnotic. Impossible to feel good about one's self after eating these chips.

Boulder Canyon Malt Vinegar & Sea Salt: 5/5

One can leave these chips out, exposed to the air, for days, and the texture remains the same. I know this first-hand. They remind me of boardwalk shore fries: the clumsy shake of malt vinegar at the cash register by the sea. An extraordinary kettle chip.

Jimmy John's Jimmy Chips [The Original]: 4/5

Honestly, a really good salted potato chip. Flavorful, robust crunch. Very obviously cooked in peanut oil. I have zero recollection of eating an actual Jimmy John's sandwich, so my chip acquisition is a mystery.

Hal's New York Kettle Chips Sour Cream & Onion: 3.5/5

Sour cream & onion chips, as a rule, are durational, by which I mean you can eat many unthinkingly. Hal's chips are no exception. Their plus: they offer a uniquely creamy mouthfeel—dairy-forward, light on onion.

Kettle Brand Honey Dijon: 4/5

This chip is sweet, but I don't mind. I enjoy honey mustard because it reminds me of college (not sure why), and therefore this chip reminds me of college: obvious, cloying, fun. Not a great pairing chip, as its flavor profile dominates the palate.

Ruffles Assaisonnées [All Dressed]: 4/5

Who wouldn't love a chip that unites BBQ, ketchup, sour cream & onion, and salt & vinegar—all terrific genres. Québécoise genius. That said, I don't taste much SC&O. With eyes closed, I might guess this chip to be a picante BBQ. Still excellent.

Kettle Brand Krinkle Cut Spicy Queso: 1.5/5

It's impossible to create a queso-flavored chip when queso is viscous and a chip is not. This chip is more sweet mesquite than it is spicy, which is okay. Not a particularly cheesy chip. Curiously, a banana aftertaste. I expected more.

Mackie's of Scotland Haggis & Cracked Black Pepper Potato Crisps: 3.5/5

I've never eaten haggis. These chips taste like beef jerky. Somehow, they're vegetarian. An invigorating texture. Not wildly peppery, but I suppose neither is the typical salt & pepper chip. Points for originality.

Sprouts brand Flavor Number 3 [Salt & Vinegar]: 3.5/5

I enjoy a vinegar chip flavored also by a sugared element (for roundness), which this brand forgoes. Thus, this chip is gland-tighteningly sharp but with little depth of flavor—almost clinically vinegary. I still like these chips.

Krackles Tangy Tomato Potato Crisps: 4.5/5

A sweet and nuanced chip. Kinder than a ketchup chip, but with appropriate tartness. A thick-cut, non-kettle chip—beautiful texture and balance. A friend gifted me these chips from Nairobi, but otherwise I would eat them regularly.

Trader Joe's Ridge Cut Potato Chips Horseradish & Chives: 4/5

A tasteful horseradish flourish follows what's otherwise a sour cream & onion-forward flavor profile. The chips are slightly soft—as though potatoes have been pulped and re-formed. Pairs well with apple sauce and seltzer.

Lay's [Thailand] Lasagna Flavor: 4.5/5

Sublime! These chips taste and smell like greasy, pan-cut lasagna. They *conjure* warmth, as if freshly oven baked. Desperately uncanny. .5 off because the chip bag leaked lasagna juice onto my good shirt, and now the good shirt is ruined.

Sprouts Brand Kettle No. 5 [Olive Oil]: 0.5/5

A perfectly suitable plain chip, but if one holds the bag to the nose, one receives a distinct Grandfather Smell: warm, loose skin plus slight aftershave. Please trust me on this.

Deep River Zesty Jalapeño Kettle: 3/5

When I eat these chips, I feel like my tongue is a chickadee flouncing in a dust bath, except the dust is 50% salt and 50% chili pepper. Let me be clear: I enjoy this sensation, but it's one to experience in moderation. Thick kettle crunch.

Lay's Limón: 3/5

I like Hint of Lime tortilla chips, so sue me. I also like these Limón potato chips. They're like crunchy, savory gummy worms: pectin-y, tart—a raw and spoilt mouth post-snacking. That said, choose Lay's Limón over Pringles Screamin' Dill Pickle.

Kettle Brand Dill Pickle: 3/5

Unpopular opinion maybe, but I believe pickle chips ought to be thin and not kettle-style—definitely not 'krinkle cut.' I approve of this chip's

flavor (on the sweet side for dill) but not its thickness. The Perfect Dill Chip is my white whale, is what I'm saying.

Pringles Screamin' Dill Pickle: 0/5

These are mealy with a sour garbanzo bean mouthfeel. The aftertaste is more gummy worm-like than it is potato chip-like, which is interesting but also very bad. Almost zero dill notes. I am now thirsty and somehow gnawingly hungry.

Wi-Fi

after Karl Tierney

Randall Mann

It's Tuesday inside,
and I'm thick.
Part micro-plastic,
part *giallo* flick.

My work,
nominal
data in the lap,
a lake

or dance.
Make it clap.
Does that make
sense,

like a disingenuous
question?
Anecdotal,
beige

as the Fed book?
Not at all.
Not only
is it 6 months

past my birthday,
but I'm 48

and *nice job*
don't look my age.

I try to list
what I have missed:
Hobnob,
and the knee-jerk

comparison
to a domestic
animal,
one-trick.

I tease
a trade,
a scrape.
I hum along

a Nineties
song:
Don't walk
away by Jade;

You're my little
secret, Xscape.
A paper bill
(I overheard)

has been
canceled,
like a word,
or man.

Sold.
Such fun,
which one.
I've had my fill.

RACE IN LANGUAGE

Shane McCrae

Look back a generation, I look back
 Ten generations on my mother's side
Further, to England and to Ireland
 Knowing ten words they knew, a thousand words

Knowing the language they, my ancestors
 Knew on my mother's side, in Ireland
In England. I look back two genera-
 tions on my father's side, his mother and

His father, and I'm sure I know them, most
 Of the words they knew. I can't look back and know
Their fathers or their mothers. I can guess
 Six generations back, or seven, too

Many far back past seven, back. at eight or
 Further, I might not, if I stood before them
Any who lived in Africa, I might
Not know a single word. What could I say
What object could I, if I stood before
Them, any ancestor, what object could
I gesture to, to start to learn the language
Wherever I have met them, if I stood
Before them, any one, if there were trees
There, I could touch a tree, say Tree, then point
To them, then back to the tree, or thump my chest
And say my name, or say You are my aunt

Or say You are my father many fathers
Before him. What are we? What is your word
For you? What do you know about the ocean
If he lived inland. If he lived beside

The ocean, if whatever carried me
Through time to him could keep us there forever
I could stand listening forever, between
Him and the ocean. I could stand forever

RACE IN THE BODY

To live and not to understand
My body, who it lives. To live
Allowed the black of the blackness of
The back of my black hand
A gift of the back of my own hand
Upon which, I can balance things
But can't hold them, and not the pink
Of the black palm I hold
Now toward you, now toward you
And almost it's your own outstretched
Hand in a perfect darkness, which
You now can't place, can't know

In the perfect darkness in the unfamiliar room. The feeling you
Can't place your hand, that's really you
Not knowing how the room
Is furnished, will you stumble over
The heart of the room, a thing so low, if
You hadn't gone the way you're going
You would have passed forever
Over it, your hand forever floating in an atmosphere above
The possibility of touching that which, were you not
A stranger here, could only seem
Strange if you looked at it too long
A low or in a corner thing
That makes the room the room

It is, the bed, the television
Or the long, shrouded desk, upon
Which once, but how could you have known
A neighbor laid a twitching
Animal, broken, sticky with
Blood, nobody would say it was blood
Except out loud, nobody inside
Themselves, instead they shout-
ed it, their panic carrying
The blood away, each shout the body
Of the word, Blood! neighbor and children
And parent, someone brings
Paper towels and a cup
Of water from the kitchen, later
No one remembers who, tap water
Whoever it was stopped
To choose a ruined cup, from the back
Of the cabinet, the children clean
Their brushes in it, when they paint
Stained water pales the dark
Blood as the shuddering animal
Dies, from which cup only a stranger
Would drink. Where is the heart? With the lights on
You see no stain at all

MYTH

Ata Moharreri

Each tree is in love
with one star.

Their tears come to life
as fireflies.

We sometimes feel them
burning our eyes.

HELD

Eileen Myles

I forgot
the distant pink
behind
the trees
I was heading
to the super
market
I would
get it somehow
later
in the parking
lot per
haps on my
phone
My butt on
the boat
and the
pink
comes
back
in memory.

GRIEF CODA

Jac Nelson

grief cadence ○ morceau de grief ○ grief bit

specific grief ○ individual grief ○ esoteric grief

fixed grief ○ definite grief ○ determinate grief

certain grief ○ exclusive grief ○ distinguished grief

bionomic grief ○ grief of the law ○ of how the law works and working inside it

grief of inside ○ natural grief ○ botanic grief

genetic grief ○ grief of the fetus ○ grief of the blastula

germ grief ○ nymph grief ○ grief of the ovule

roe grief ○ yolk grief ○ spawn grief

mitotic grief ○ chromosomal grief ○ karyokinetic grief

grief of the Y ○ grief of division ○ diaster grief

bandwagon grief ○ grief of the gerrymander ○ grief of the border

of mending one's fences ○ of pussyfooting ○ suffragist grief

grief of the pork barrel ○ grief of the soap ○ grief of the public crib

the public teat ○ the public trough ○ grief of pipelaying

grief of the homestead ○ of hanging one's hat ○ love nest grief

genetrix grief ○ grief of the seed ○ theoretical grief

of Mendelism ○ of Weismannism ○ eugenics

grief of the factor ○ grief of the determiner ○ patriarchal grief

determinant grief ○ blood grief ○ fatherlike grief

direct grief ○ phyletic grief ○ spindle side grief

grief of the mother ○mamma ○mommy

mummy ○mumsy ○materfamilias

spear side grief ○stirring grief ○grief bustling

grief going on ○prevailing grief ○grief in the wind

a float ○on foot ○grief as the world goes

grief as the tree falls ○grief as it may be ○grief come true

brass tacks grief ○well-known grief ○sober or grim reality grief

grief of the “plain, plump fact” ○cold fact ○hard fact brute

brutal fact ○bitter fact ○ugly fact

revolving fact ○the whole story ○*fait accompli*

domestic grief ○hidden ○secret

stay-at-home grief ○ abandon the world ○ seclude oneself

unfrequented ○ unvisited ○ anchoritic grief

go snacks ○ go fifty-fifty ○ split the difference grief

get in the act ○ enter into ○ socialize grief

chip in ○ pull an oar ○ cotenancy grief

distinction without a difference ○ any, anything grief ○ that or nothing

automatic grief ○ grief unhopd for ○ grief beyond or past expectation

more than one bargained for ○ out of the blue ○ dropped from the clouds

sudden ○ grief every other ○ periodic grief

isochronal grief ○ semiweekly grief ○ come round grief

come in its turn ○ be here again ○ revolve

roll around ○ cyclical grief ○ serial grief

epochal grief ○ rhythmic grief ○ beat grief

regular grief ○ bissextile day grief ○ without limit or end

olamic grief ○ OLAMIC GRIEF ○ “void and infinite” grief

grief *ad infinitum* ○ sure as death and taxes ○ dead sure grief

as a gun is iron ○ as God made little green apples ○ sure as I live

sure as eggs is eggs ○ triple-check ○ cross-check

decisive grief ○ connatal grief ○ instinctual grief

bred in the bone ○ eviction ○ vampirism

wolfishness ○ distress ○ androlepsia

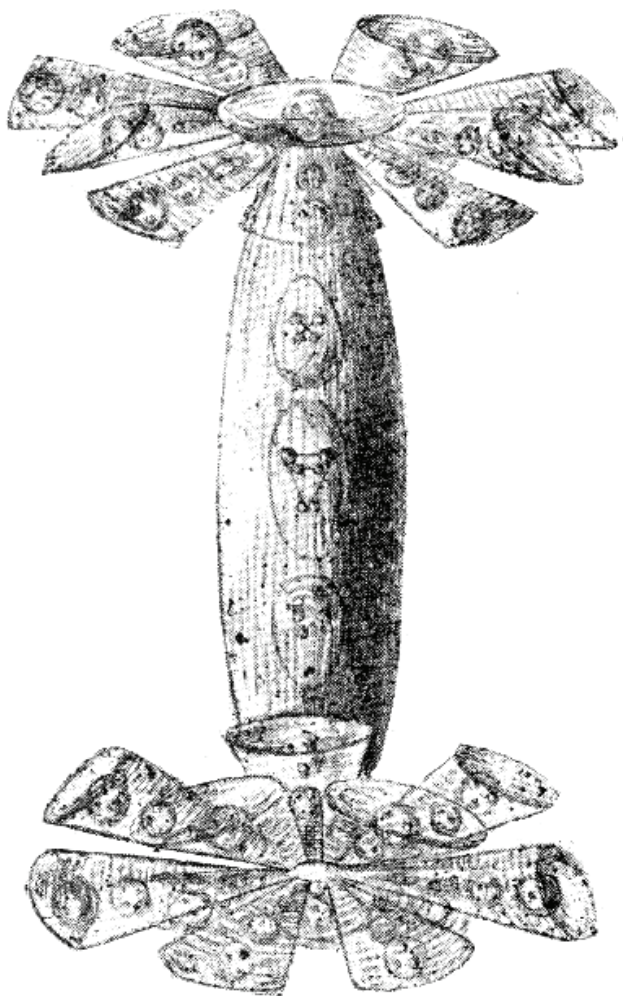


Illustration of sodium in Annie Besant and Charles W. Leadbetter's *Occult Chemistry: Clairvoyant Observations on the Chemical Elements* (1919).

Hum

Diana Khoi Nguyen

n crack your window now way home find your way in the wake of writing about death in the family I unexpectedly strangers so that we woul
 ther says so your brother found myself before strangers speaking about grief what tumbles in an after and how it outside of language and
 then I hum as I make myself disfigures the before at one point my mother told me about the bees she found with father we felt along the ridge o
 your way in the wake of in the attic thousands maybe all dead years after their son had mentioned that a sound or a matter where you are in k
 dly found myself before buzz a humming in the walls kept him up all night for years he did not sleep they had told can come in so he finds y
 it disfigures the before at him it was nothing there was nothing there until they realized there was the evidence of what way home hummingbird
 ter in the attic thousands was there a year after his suicide a death to put oneself to sleep when one can't sleep she in the wake of writing
 or a buzz a humming in said I understand it now I can't I can't I can't I understand it I understand it now quiet on strangers speaking about
 I told him it was nothing the line quiet now the vibration of my throat clearing like a hum caught suspended between one point my mother tol
 of what was there a year wings the sound in our hands take flight a hum in stead of crying a hum against his dying I maybe all dead years afte
 sep she said I understand hummed with strangers so that we would not go unheard that we might sound together as the walls kept him up all
 aiet on the line quiet now one in a space outside of language and follow the hum as it moved between and in our there was nothing there t
 between wings the sound bodies the thrum we felt along the ridge of our arms as it slipped out of the room crack after his suicide a death t
 his dying I hummed with your window no matter where you are in kitchen in the car even if it's cold my mother says it now I can't I can't I ca
 together as one in a space so your brother can come in so he finds you there where is it I am when I hum when I hum the vibration of my thro
 l in our bodies the thrums I make my way home hummingbird hummingbird find your way home find your way hom in our hands take flight a
 n crack your window no in the wake of writing about death in the family I unexpectedly found myself before strangers so that we woul
 ther says so your brother strangers speaking about grief what tumbles in an after and how it disfigures the before at outside of language and
 then I hum as I make my one point my mother told me about the bees she found with father in the attic thousands we felt along the ridge o
 your way in the wake of maybe all dead years after their son had mentioned that a sound or a buzz a humming in the matter where you are in k
 dly found myself before walls kept him up all night for years he did not sleep they had told him it was nothing there can come in so he finds y
 it disfigures the before at was nothing there until they realized there was the evidence of what was there a year after way home hummingbird
 her in the attic thousands his suicide a death to put in the wake of writing
 or a buzz a humming in oneself to sle
 d told him it was nothing can't sleep sh
 of what was there a year stand it now
 sep she said I understand I can't I unde
 uiet on the line quiet now d understand it n
 between wings the sound the line quiet
 his dying I hummed with ation of my
 together as one in a space like a hum
 l in our bodies the thrummed between
 m crack your window no in our
 ther says so your brother a hum in
 then I hum as I make my a hum aga
 your way in the wake of I hummed w
 dly found myself before that we wo
 it disfigures the before at heard that we
 ter in the attic thousands together as one in a space outside of language and follow the hum as it moved between and in the wake of writing
 or a buzz a humming in in our bodies the thrum we felt along the ridge of our arms as it slipped out of the room strangers speaking about
 I told him it was nothing crack your window no matter where you are in kitchen in the car even if it's cold my mother one point my mother tol
 of what was there a year says so your brother can come in so he finds you there where is it I am when I hum when I maybe all dead years afte
 sep she said I understand hum as I make my way home hummingbird hummingbird find your way home find your way the walls kept him up all
 aiet on the line quiet now in the wake of writing about death in the family I unexpectedly found myself before there was nothing there u
 between wings the sound strangers speaking about grief what tumbles in an after and how it disfigures the before at after his suicide a death t
 his dying I hummed with one point my mother told me about the bees she found with father in the attic thousands said now I can't I can't I ca
 together as one in a space maybe all dead years after their son had mentioned that a sound or a buzz a humming in the vibration of my thro
 l in our bodies the thrum walls kept him up all night for years he did not sleep they had told him it was nothing there in our hands take flight a
 n crack your window now was nothing there until they realized there was the evidence of what was there a year after strangers so that we woul
 ther says so your brother his suicide a death to put oneself to sleep when one can't sleep she said I understand it now outside of language and
 then I hum as I make my I can't I can't I can't I understand it I understand it now quiet on the line quiet now the we felt along the ridge of
 your way in the wake of vibration of my throat clearing like a hum caught suspended between wings the sound in our matter where you are in k
 dly found myself before hands take flight a hum in stead of crying a hum against his dying I hummed with strangers can come in so he finds y
 it disfigures the before also that we would not go unheard that we might sound together as one in a space outside of way home hummingbird
 ter in the attic thousands language and follow the hum as it moved between and in our bodies the thrum we felt along in the wake of writing
 or a buzz a humming in the ridge of our arms as it slipped out of the room crack your window no matter where you strangers speaking about
 I told him it was nothing are in kitchen in the car even if it's cold my mother says so your brother can come in so he one point my mother tol
 of what was there a year finds you there where is it I am when I hum when I hum as I make my way home maybe all dead years afte
 sep she said I understand hummingbird hummingbird find your way home find your way in the wake of writing about the walls kept him up all
 aiet on the line quiet now death in the family I unexpectedly found myself before strangers speaking about grief what there was nothing there u

THE RED AXIOMS

Cindy Juyoung Ok

The bar closes a half hour past
the regular time and grace is not
sovereign, don't skid yourself.

I heard, too, your stance gives in
no thing; the shard is made of ants.
When the scene has been stolen,

and when the copyright has run
out, I want—what did I say? I
haunted. The house is divorcing

from its walls to prove the myth
of collapse cured, to refuse contact.
Long is the last aria and holy

a shared audition. I go back
to the contract, give it a crude
read. I give you a crude read.

BARREL BOLT

Ben Pease

I learned from my day job that the culvert next to the Ruth Stone House is not bankfull width and thus does not conform to the updated State rules. After a day of rain, the water flowed down Mount Horrid with more intention, the tree that fell from the neighbor's property onto our side, large enough only for the most daring to slow-step across it, their NO TRESPASSING sign curling into a cylinder. I harbored animosity towards this unseen neighbor, particularly for the sign stapled to a tree within ten feet of Ruth's grave. Another neighbor said it was a groundskeeper who went around Goshen and sought only to mark the edges of the property, all 1,000+ acres of it. The zinc-plated barrel bolt I installed on the back door the day I asked Bianca to marry me, also one of the first times I worked on the house—last year I moved the catch down the casing a quarter inch so it would work; the next day whatever shifted shifted back, and the bolt would not hold. The power drill battery dead with a charger that took hours to get it going, I took the screws out by hand; I had to make it right before I went back down the mountain. Late October, the spirits or my imagination speaking as them had returned, the presence of an ermine, its fur half white,

Ruth said to me: "You have more love to give, don't withhold it;" my mother, her arms crossed in the astral realm: "I see now what the spirit wants, I should not have denied it in myself and in you in turn as I did." The forearm burns, the catch re-installed, the door secure. No one returns my wave as I pass them down along the dirt road, the leaves in the mountain grounded, the radio gets only the oldies on the way home.

ANNOUNCING

Zach Peckham

a noun sings
incontrovertible

evidence of
the event

its own having
having been

done before
sparrows collected

themselves into
a bush

collected in
a field

a field
the field

singing
the event

explained to us as
what

we leaned in
to listen

we knew that we were
done for

BRUSH ARBOR

Kiki Petrosino

say trees
without trespass

say poet
without ease

say with
without me

say see
say free

without me
no dream

no day
no seem

without seem
no say

no stay
no think

say pass
without white

say skin
before bright

before bright
before bleed

O drum
O speed

if teach
if near

if bless
if clear

if speak
if wish

then branch
then seal

then heart
then wheel

then light
must light

must pierce
must cleave

must forgive
must weep

BRUSH ARBOR

My ancestors worship
in the woods praise God
knotted they lie
overhead in the forks
of great trees watching
as I enter, a pilgrim
to light lamps
& ask
& ask

BRUSH ARBOR

The law says
 I may enter

anytime
 the veil

of branches
 surrounding

my family buried
 in leaf litter

beyond my line
 of sight

right here, on land
 not long planted

in birches
 some of the fastest-

glowing trees
 in North America

dozens arranged
 right here, as if

to overwhelm
 with leaves serrated

like gold surprises
 & vertical growth

one to two feet per year
 in optimal conditions

an old family
 graveyard, with

handmade markers
 even older than

this particular
 stand of birches

somehow here
 not against the law

not mentioned in the law
 at all, these birches

somehow all
 arrived exactly

where these graves
 are planted

as if someone
 had scooped out

the precise handful
 of seeds

to cause some graves
to disappear entirely

from the mind
which is

a grave thought
to be sure



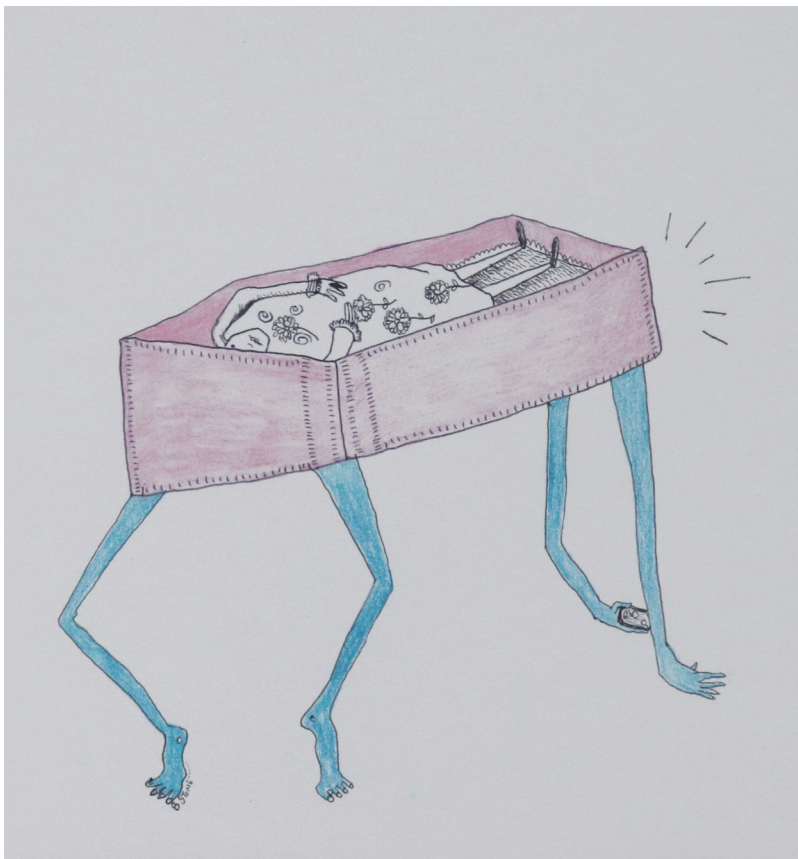
Dinosaur tracks in Arizona's Painted Desert, from Edwin D. McKee's *Ancient Landscapes of the Grand Canyon Region* (1931).

The Telephone Game

We asked five artists and writers to play a game of ekphrastic telephone. Starting with a drawing by Bianca Stone, each player responded with text or image, working with the previous piece but blind to all that came before. You'll find a poem by Arisa White in response to Stone's drawing, a drawing by Rachel Glaser in response to White's poem, a poem by Simone Kearney in response to Glaser's drawing, and finally, a drawing by Kevin Pomerleau in response to Kearney's poem.

To be continued...

— Nellie Prior and Cleo Abramian



Bianca Stone

WITH PREMIUM ZOOM,

Arisa White

I watch my students,
make inferences about plot
lines based on their room's décor

I'm guided by the principle
of maximum flexibility,
yet these long hours sitting
don't allow me to touch my toes.

It is hard to believe
we are talking grades
through wheeze coughs she sneezes
concern for what if this happened.

Negative space
between metal poles
of her headboard
form temple windows.

Matte beige weather
in syndication—inside, all
the people's fingers exhale
a murmur of prayers.



Rachel Glaser

SCENE

Simone Kearney

The sky is behind the house, the house
is behind the wire, the wire is behind
the pine, the pine is the wall, the wall
is behind the window, the window
is behind the bed, the bed is behind
the pillow, the pillow is behind the hair,
the hair is behind the hand, the hand
is behind the cheek, the cheek is behind
the mouth, the mouth is behind the words
the words are behind the eyes, the eyes
are behind the shadow, the shadow
is behind the animal, the animal is behind
the feeling, the feeling is behind
the feeling, the feeling is behind
the feeling, the feeling is behind
the feeling, and the sky and
the pines crunching in the back,
all the while, crunching together,
like old, old snow.



Kevin Pomerleau

Four Images

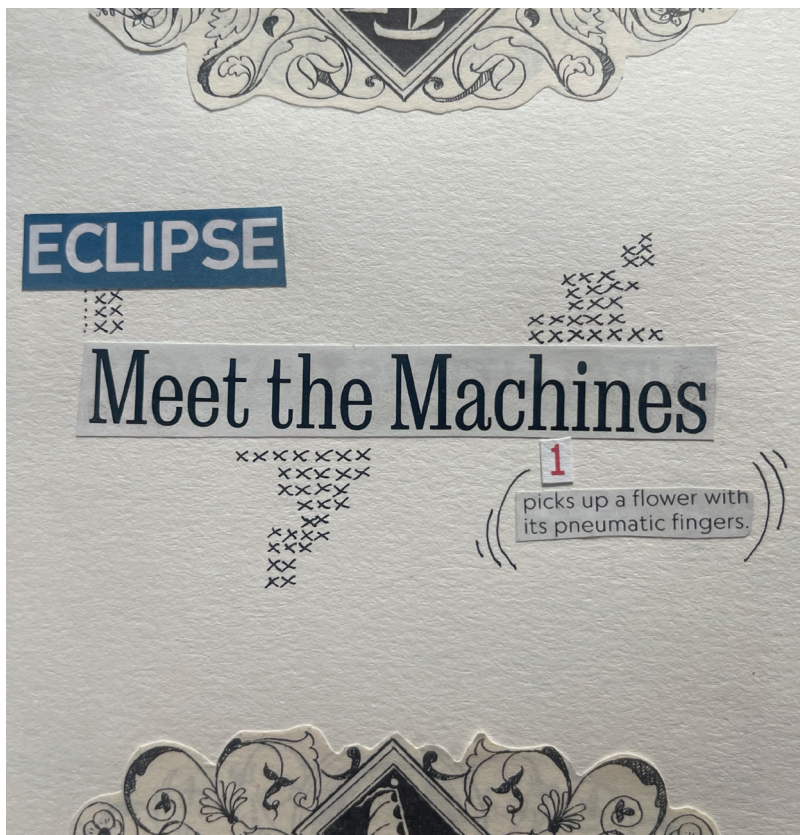
Khadijah Queen

✕ ✕ ✕ ✕ ✕ ✕ ✕ ✕ ✕ ✕
 ✕ ✕ ✕ ✕ ✕ ✕ ✕ ✕
 ✕ ✕ ✕ ✕ ✕ ✕ ✕



X X
 X X
 X X
 X X
 X
 X
 X
 X
 X
 X





expectations, and by the flow of



more than 200,000 lakes

IS COINCIDENCE A SPRING OF ROMANCE

Marc Rahe

If one turns from the shelf
and hears "I'm reading that, too,"
that is a signal of intention from the universe.
A glimmer of *how remarkable*
and *was meant to be*.

And what a conversation piece!
Or consider dumb luck.
What lands in our lap may have been best
gone whizzing past. Spring sprung:
a watch twice daily right.

AVIAN WARNING/MORNING

Bin Ramke

A bird brilliant of mind and beak
brain winged and trilling.
I am awake a wake

of sound on a lake composed
waves of particulate motion
and pain, plainly.



Andrea Rexilius

BLACKBOOK EXPLICATION OF
THE THIRD STASIMON OF SOPHOCLES'
ELECTRA DRAFTED IN KRINK K-70
IN REGGIO EMILIA

Fortunato Salazar

Swimming in the soil, and at night. And breaking down
the city / city official handing over scissors Ludovica

and suddenly I'm the man, saying, I'm an animal, I'll let you in

the govt, its shops that accept shoplifting on a walking course
we swim

open capsules with a chuck

flooded soil gives way to open open-air break rooms with running
water

we meet at the riverside, overstressed. the drawstring

it if doesn't go away for a lifetime, I have hard work to do to find myself
in it

*

O Nikola a one person
corridor in shoulders folded darkness. Your excuse to shed

floating islands
in a garden of lost causes?

be happy if you feel your body temperature thinking of you
and not just who among the temperature difference stopover crew

is the most fuckable in the temperature difference stopover row of cots

O Ludovica
gaze full of charity

pigmented eelgrass

above the soil more soil and and more soil and the legal

BROOM CLEAN

Zach Savich

Hosing the ginkgo leaves

A sofa of ginkgo leaves

Refrigerator

box of a whole
tree's leaves

coming apart so it holds more but holds

together less
A whole winter held
in the tree

Today was

a record a used

bookstore

plays Sundays

The language of what language you can stand

when you can't

stand language

Hosing a frozen
bicycle frame

mittens tied to it

Later drying a playground
swing with them

Sadly a faith in entropy only gets you so far

because some things do last at least so far

as we do

I cook on low to heat the house

Rust patter

near dandelions after seeds
near the totaled windstar neighbors towed
near dented a/c on a slim sill
near cheerios on a trampoline
near hose left running washing half-dug stump roots
near 7 plants in 9 pots

Pinkish
stems

If the fantasy is continuing

DISCO NAP

In the dream the dream is very new.
It's new again. It's new and then. It's new
or never.

What to say. Not about
it but to
it.

Colorless rainbows
prismatic in each glance the longer

look.

Who act so responsive there's no language for it.
Consolation of
sugaring the strawberries, grieving
the need to preserve them,
at the edge of rot,
even in sweetness—ridiculous. Mundane.
Ecstatic.

Meanwhile,

each 3 months the newspaper

reprints obituaries. They must charge
families twice. Or once
for the record, which the paper may
recall any time. They sometimes get their own

name wrong: *The Cleveland Plan Dealer*.

The freshness of
sheets drying on
patio chairs.

Left out in rain.

Drying new.

COMPASS PRECISION

The lower the frequency the farther sound travels.

There's no difference, really, between saying what you believe and saying what you hope will have an effect you could believe in.

I always forget if you're allowed to drink in the hospital, like after someone gives birth, champagne, he said and opened a beer.

Magnolias preceded bees, evolved to be pollinated by beetles, evolved hardy petals to endure it.

Wind turns the page, we read from there.

As there are some birds that make their nests from this and that.

Wisp of cattail, bit of ribbon, feathers from others.

And birds that make themselves like that.

Can they fly?

I think their making themselves like that is a kind of flying.

And birds that burn their nests for love of heat.

And birds that heat their burns for love of nests.

And birds that build their nests in flight.

A flying nest.

The fire-escape preceded the building.

A perfect spiral.

Compass needle refined until precision blurs.

As here is a birdhouse for no bird.

Here is a birdhouse for no bird.

Here is a birdhouse for no bird that has ever before felt at home enough to appear.

I DON'T FIND IT EXQUISITE

Lauren Shapiro

it is like every other fear
manageable if you live to tell I
think the world is ending says my
son every night as he closes his eyes
in my head I think our snapshot is
exposing its final wound in the
long shadow of the feeder birds
root then vanish in the tree canopy
I can hear them hiding up there or
Maybe just living sometimes it's
hard to tell

THE HOUR OF THE RAT

Brandon Shimoda

I water the anthills in the evening
I water the anthills sunflowers grow

The flesh is Lucifer's sunflowers

solid as rebar

THE HOUR OF THE RAT

The afterlife is near

This is it
graving out of a cave
that sways with amphibious skins
and shells of transmogrified insects

GOOD LIFE

Evie Shockley

[inner city]

once you get that good life feeling snaked up lake shore drive or took the el from south of the loop hopping lines at howard came to campus how it could the sound of a wall a pool hall mixed with synth sass bass and best believe it poured out the dj's speakers into the dorm basement the student union rec room and we moved to its promise *a place i know you wanna go* beyond reach of tuition bills financial aid fiascos impossible pregnancies incarcerated cousins lilywhite liberal arts curricula and the exams that flushed us out of tech majors all the back alley confronting even the front yard kids putting the next year the next quarter into question ~ so tonight we want to party and noblesse oblige the hosting frat or sorors at the height of heat forming a ring around the dance floor throwing their signs and calls into the air like the southside boys who first made this house excluded exclusive protested protective transporting us all together in it if we'd only known it *let me tell you no one can take it away*

RECENT NATURIST

John Sieracki

Since the switch, the most I've worn around the house
is a lanyard from which dangles a laminate
with my name, title, and place of employment,
and my mustache. Oh, and the piercings.
This way at night, I find I can curl into a ball
so tight it almost disappears. I was never
the type to live inside my memories. Unlike Bob.
Bob told me he can't get certain things out
of his head, stuff that happened when he was a kid.
"Oh grow up, Bob," is now my favorite comeback when
he gets pouty. It's getting a little old, but it's become a habit.

You may have seen a new word floating around: gantry.
A higher-up thought of the word, and my job
is to make it a reality across the land
since they removed the tollbooths.
Gantries of all types, even in my off time,
as works of art, decorative pieces.
My yard is full of them, a sculpture garden
of sorts, for our viewing pleasure.
You can't see them through the fence,
but come on over and I'll show you around.

Bob is here now with his ever-growing pot belly,
along with Judy, who seems to be shrinking.
Kathy is in the kitchen wearing an apron,
working the deep fryer. You know how

when you see a gorgeous mountain from far away,
under the sun, covered in light green spring trees
and you walk over to it, it might take hours,
and when you get there and see a piece of it
sticking out of the ground, you go right up
and put your hand on it and realize this thing is serious,
more serious than I could ever imagine,
I am nothing compared to this? Well that's Kathy.
She's one of those kinds of people.
She's making her buttermilk fried chicken.

GLOBES

Emily Skillings

That terrible autumn
when I bled
I turned towards beauty
like one turns their cheek
into the advancing plane
of a slap. The number
and small address
for a hematologist
or two, brother docs
at the same clinic,
sprawled beneath the notes
for a poem, a kind of symbolic grove—
the harvest of red and brown globes
glowing quietly
impenetrable under frost.
My mouth was white inside
the chilled landscape.
I had been trying to think
like a dead man, but was neither,
so for so long went unthinking.
A single red fox
slinked its hungry form
around the curve
of my eyelid. It is now,
I thought, that you must attend
to the story of your unfortunate body.
Hello Dr. Allen, hello Dr. Dave,

will this vine
that connects all with all
or most with most, or some
with some
but not others
shatter
when first I stoop to touch
its frightening green?

GOOD LUCK

Sampson Starkweather

good luck dust
it is time

I am in pain
in this body
and I am
in pain
without it

a turtle shell

Highway 64

love
all slick
in the wilderness

good luck
wherever you are

DEATH

Jordan Stempleman

for Vic Chesnutt

Shade the lamp
and hose off the dinky. Get it on
before you think about it, while the lookouts
sit for the clinic, act easy.

One day the fish bends down
and all the air curves in, I'm told.
The sea don't know it, the grip don't know it, the runoff
don't know it, all told.

One day the damp star crosses eyes, grows staggered
for the wake up. To take us. To reach us.

Deepes that stay for a while or for the no go.
Besides. Beside. Before now, now away.

I'LL TELL YOU

Bianca Stone

No human
should be this desolate
and tired all the time.
Moving with the flies
around Pigpen, minor
grubby character
from Peanuts,
my golem,
mistaking the swarm
for a great time
it is a jewel of end
by the end of every day—
oh, dear
I keep thinking I get it
and I will tell you about it
but there is nothing to tell
apparently
nothing concrete anyway
they say that is the way
with the great ineffable mystery
to believe in nothing
makes no difference,

my sister tells me things
that raise my hair up off my arms
what I mean is
how did we get here

made of gingerbread in the oven
eaten by the mother
eaten by the wolf
my little pale nephew standing on the porch
explaining lava in the netherworld
that, if you fall in a certain hole
in his game
you keep falling forever
and you don't get to keep
any of the things
you made.

STORY

Larisa Svirsky

I used to tell people I didn't remember
to make it easier for them to understand

I wanted them to hear the smoothness of my mind
its readiness for taking on any form

But I have recorded everything somewhere
Falling asleep, I administer the test

Construct the figure in relation to loss
I will give you all the time that you need

Supposedly we dream fewer animals every day
My reflexes are always the wrong speed

I jump like an animal who is prey
for something smaller than itself

who feels great embarrassment
at what it has to do to survive

There never seems to be time enough
I was born to be something else

with no need for sound or drowning
no hand around her throat

FROM UNDERDARKER

Paige Taggart

like salve or bee-keeper's balm
i windex my arms then wax up
a need for moisture has grown intense
each dry crevice in my hand demonstrates
the havoc i display in the wrinkles on my face
i'm aging, but we all are, we prop ourselves
up like cardboard cutouts on the internet
we display our vexing rage in pardon moi tones
i'm still my own future employer and i cling to it
wildly, obsessively, some might say
delving head first and trying to tarp out everything else
the things that cause pain we yield to on a day to day basis
frantically rubbing the groceries down, the door knobs
the most massive inclusion would be to help everyone all at once
each day despair grows, multiplying impossibilites hum on
baby be my moth in the bay window trying to get in
what do we want and where do we start
slingshot me to the stars

STOP SAYING BEAUTIFUL THINGS

Michelle Taransky

Things: catastrophes
We are living
Among them
Like neighbors
This is what it's like to be a part
Of a community

The master yells over and over again

At the dinner table

It only takes a moment
For a heart to stop
Wilderness or not, if he's all you have
You name him: bulwark, border, broader,
Still...I will not call
You final, thing not named,
An old turn of phrase
That becomes a way
Not to be seen nodding off
During the sermon
Linking the matriarch's death
To breaking
The fast without expecting this year to be
Better— So much for the end of
When you can see the barn

Like any other biographer
It's mostly about war
What we heard on the radio
The first time Cohen interviewed Cowen
About Cohan's lost
Son. When I think about him
Changing his name, do I also find myself
Wanting to name exactly
Who was left behind
Connecting his war to this war
I said they are not the same
In another conversation
We can be less aware of this
World. Answer with a parable
About a seer whose writing about a war
Becomes a war

In this interview you are the burial plot
And your father is asking you
The questions you wrote
About digging the grave
And also he is there
Digging the grave, too
If you think about it
We have come back
From blows like this
Before. My cousin Larry
Had a losing year
& then he turned it around

I hope I am not the first
To suggest changing

Names, or discarding books
As part of what we inherit
In advance of this funeral
Where we plan to house

Write this down:

The Cohens await

War— and the Kain family
Is war. Is still my measure

With the Kahanes still listening for Kahns.

What did you expect
The transcript might show us
About the confessing and the not yet to confess—

Did you know I am mother to an elephant?
To twin elephants, and

Despite my interest in names
I cannot imagine

What to call the babies
To distinguish them

EPIGRAPHS

James Tate

[For *The Lost Pilot*]

Where did it all go wrong? There ought to be a law
against Henry.

— Mr. Bones: there is.

—John Berryman

[For *Notes of Woe*]

Because I was happy upon the heath,
And smil'd among the winter's snow,
They cloth'd me in the clothes of death,
And taught me to sing the notes of woe.

—William Blake

[For *Shepherds of the Mist*]

thus through life I drag
a million enormous pure loves
and a million million dirty little lovelets.

—Mayakovsky

[For *Row with Your Hair*]

Query: How contrive not to waste one's time? Answer:
By being fully aware of it all the while. Ways in which this can
be done: By spending one's days on an uneasy chair in a dentist's
waiting room; by remaining on one's balcony all a Sunday
afternoon; by listening to lectures in a language one doesn't
know; by traveling by the longest and least-convenient train
routes, and of course standing all the way; by lining up at the
box-office of theaters and then not buying a seat; and so forth.

—Albert Camus, *The Plague*

[For *Hints to Pilgrims*]

Solitude, my mother, tell me my life again.

—O.V. de Milosz

I bring you some water lost in your memory—
follow me to the spring and find its secret.

—Patrice de la Tour du Pin

[For *Riven Doggeries*]

Friendship agony! words came to me
at last shyly. My only final friends—
the wren and thrush, made solid print for me
across dawn's broken arc. No; yes . . . or were they
the audible ransom, ensign of my faith
towards something far, now father than ever away?

—Hart Crane

[For *Constant Defender*]

And this is why the ingratiating smiles and gestures
of dusky fisherwomen, selling bundles of fish to
wandering comedians, seems so futile. All that world
has been condemned and forgotten a long time ago.

—Bruno Schulz

And ever from the underground egg, a birlier bird hatches and soars
into the sky

—Attila József

I cannot tell if it is the end of the day or of the world, or the secret of
secrets is in me again.

—Anna Akmatova

[For *Reckoner*]

Is it peace,
Is it a philosopher's honeymoon, one finds
On the dump? Is it to sit among mattresses of the dead,
Bottles, pots, shoes and grass and murmur aptest eve:
It is to hear the blatter of grackles and say
Invisible priest; is it to eject, to pull
The day to pieces and cry stanza my stone?
Where was it one first heard the truth? The the.
—Wallace Stevens, "The Man on the Dump"

There's no care except hunger
No favors but from an enemy
Nothing edible but a bale of hay
No lookout but there's a man asleep
No clemency without a crime
No safety but among the frightened
No good faith but a disbeliever's
Nor any cool heads but lovers.

—François Villon, "Ballade"

[For *Distance from Loved Ones*]

Instead of learning to live
a loving life,
people learn how to fly.
They fly very badly,
but they stop learning
to live lovingly in order
to learn how to fly
after a fashion.
It is just as if
birds stopped flying
and tried learning to run
or build bicycles
and ride on them.

—Leo Tolstoy, *Diary for Myself Alone*

If you look a dog
in the eye
too intently,
it may recite
an astounding poem
to you.

—Jean Genet, *Funeral Rites*

If you are chosen
town clerk,
forsooth, you cannot go to
Tierra del Fuego
this summer:
but you may go
to the land of infernal fire
nonetheless.

—Henry Thoreau

[For *Worshipful Company of Fletchers*]

I always ran Home to Awe when a child, if anything befell me.
He was an awful Mother, but I liked him better than none.

—Emily Dickinson

[For *Shroud of the Gnome*]

Here then, faintly discolored and liable to come apart if you touch it, is
the corsage that I kept from the dance.

—James Salter

[For *The Lost Epic of Arthur David Ficke*]

There is nothing that requires such gentle handling as an illusion. If one wishes to dispel it.

—Søren Kierkegaard,
The Point of View for My Work as an Author

[For *The Route as Briefed*]

Picasso says that everything is a miracle, that it is a miracle we do not dissolve when we take a bath.

—Jean Cocteau

[For *Memoir of the Hawk*]

Then I went back into the house and wrote. It is midnight. The rain is beating on the windows. It was not midnight. It was not raining.

—Samuel Beckett, *Molloy*

[For *Return to the City of White Donkeys*]

The trees reflected in the river—they are unconscious of a spiritual world so near them. So are we.

—Nathaniel Hawthorne, *The American Notebooks*

[For *The Ghost Soldiers*]

The paratroopers fall and as they fall
They mow the lawn
—Wallace Stevens

Epigraphs collected by Kate Lindroos

STONE AGE

Sophia Terazawa

We're going to bomb them back into the Stone Age.

Curtis LeMay

I never said we should bomb them back to the Stone Age.

Curtis LeMay

We set the four boom microphones onstage, and the diva held up to her mouth a trillium, what spelled a word for dew dropping over her screen and projected upon its surface: footage from the old night market or Saigon's naval shipyard or the ballad which never truly happened but a cicada-drenched June reverberating up like a choir wherever you went, comrade, and this was a sound which followed into another age of stone, monsoon. I dreamt of the man who refused to say, *I'm sorry*, and then I walked home after another fight in Ithaca, both of us expecting the lamps to flicker on then off as though to signal onstage, *snow*, or a pale curtain of ash. There it was done, and our diva entered her front door, took off her boots, and wept.

HUDDLE

a reverie on antecovidum soirees

Rodrigo Toscano

Mix it up
make it count
delight folks
be delighted
steer phrases
be steered
in the swirl
roust about
seek a huddle
spot a huddle
slink in
stick out
seek gaps
shoot them
spot walls
crash them
step back
make space
watch huddle
sidebar one
slip a shiny
receive well
what rebounds
pocket insight

pocket wit
move on
in the swirl
seek a huddle
spot a huddle
slink in
say nothing
nod a bit
make it count
seek a signal
spot a signal
drop a shiny
kick it once
kick it twice
kick it thrice
scoop it up
toss it
receive well
what rebounds
step back
make space
watch huddle
empty pockets
show empty
share empty
fill empty
with shinies
kicked around
from nowhere
to somewhere

BLOOD / SOIL

Divya Victor

Residential Neighborhood
Madison, Alabama

I slouch to the writing sideways
crab limbs cling to the torso in tumult
where my elbows bowl in, my knees keel
to my feet scraping off the carpet, frothing a writing body to the desk.
My reluctance is quicksand; this lyric lead. I can't know how
each fist knots, each knuckle locks

his legs refuse gravity, legs coil on pavement
his torso goes limp, keens quiet
away from the dash-cam

his head— its dread stillness

I said મેં કહ્યું
I said મેં કહ્યું

"No English. Indian. Walking"
"My handkerchief fell.
I was brought down on the grass"

The Law *says*:
"To every action
there is always
an opposite & equal reaction"

therefore a handkerchief falls; therefore the shoulder blades blench

therefore they offer
his body to the sky, therefore heave it
weightless; therefore wrap it to the frame
because *he* is no matter; *he* is flinch, thin as linen, light *en plein air*
there is more
of him, more
where a skull folds
more where chest plows over, more where one body pushes
into another, pushes a therefore into asphalt
ploughs the life of blood & soil

therefore they hold it
here— \ a land dry as swatches of bone
here— \ drowned sound of flesh on the ground hold it
here— \ land of more

>>HEY BUDDY

>>WHERE DO YOU LIVE?

>>WHERE YOU GOING?

a yard is a measure, a curb its end
this \ *is* how a landscape renders a portrait
as long & as wide as hemmed in history of linen
— was it white?

like the ones my father threw in the wash, soggy
from a day at the plant; or checkered?
like the cotton ones he picked for Sunday Mass —
or embroidered?

>>HEY BUDDY

like the one in custody
at the museum— a silk square with Krishna flanked
by gopis holding lilies blood-tipped
bone-white & buttered, its edges worn

>>HEY BUDDY

from worry or waiting
or was it a measure of cotton slung around necks by Thugs—
to make a noose from a slung loop of a *rumāl* —a coin anointed
for Kali lashed
to one end & a life dwindling
at the other; to wrangle
a traveler
then strangle that stranger?

NO?

>>YOU WANNA STAND UP?

>>YOU OK?

>>CAN YOU STAND UP?

>>YOU UNDERSTAND
ENGLISH? >>NO?

The Law says “The mutual actions
of two bodies upon each other
are always equal,
& directed to contrary parts”
but his body was one of two
that couldn’t speak of its place
therefore they swept leg under leg,
therefore made him look close at the land,
made him taste the verge between walk & veer

The Law says, “If you press a stone
with your finger, the finger
is also pressed
by the stone”
therefore, with these fingers, I will knot
a garland of buds plucked from the camphorweed
flailing on the curb where, cuffed

by the soft folds of his neck, his spine
snapped & swelled
& therefore we will wear its scratchy rope
for another century of stony sleep
until our sunder feels more like survival.

In February 2015, Sureshbhai Patel, 57, was visiting his son's family in Alabama, after recently becoming a grandfather. He was there to help care for his son's baby, who was born sooner than the family had anticipated. When he was taking a morning walk on his block, a neighbor had called the police, citing a "skinny black guy" prowling around the neighborhood. A cop car tracked him down, mere yards from his son's home. He was assaulted & thrown to the ground by Madison Police Officer Eric Parker. The assault left Patel paralyzed. The lawsuit against Parker alleged a number of claims: false arrest, improper search & seizure, use of excessive force. A year later, Parker was acquitted of civil rights charges & was reinstated into the Madison Police Force.

AMAZON HISTORY OF A FORMER NAIL SALON WORKER

Ocean Vuong

Mar.

Advil ibuprofen, 4 pack
Sally Hansen Pink Nail Polish, 6 pack
Clorox Bleach, industrial size
DIANE Hair pins, 4 pack
Small, handheld mirror
I Love New York, T-shirt, white, small

Apr.

NongShim Ramen Noodle Bowl, 24 pack
Cotton Balls, 100 count
“Thank You For Your Loyalty” cards, 30 count
Toulene POR-15 40404 Solvent - 1 Quart
UV LED Nail Lamp
Cuticle Oil, value pack
Clear Acrylic Nail Tips, 500 count

May.

Advil ibuprofen, 4 pack
Vicks Vapor Rub, twin pack
Portable Electric Nail Drill
Salonpas Heat-Activated muscle patch, 40 count
Lipstick, “Night Out Red”
Lil Debbie’s Chocolate Zebra Cakes, 4 boxes

Jun.

Large faux-clay planter pots, value set
Carnation Condensed milk, 6 pack
2Pcs Clear Nail Art Acrylic Liquid Powder Dish Bowl
Birthday Card – Son – Pop-up Mother and Son effect
Nike Elite Basketball Shorts, Men's small

Jul.

Saviland Holographic Gold Nail Powder, 6 Colors
Nescafe Taster's Choice instant Coffee
Advil ibuprofen, 4 pack
PIXNOR Pedicure Double-Sided Callus Remover
Bengay Medicated Cream 3 pack

Aug.

NewChic Ochre Summer Dress Floral Print, Sz 6
Wrigley's Doublemint Gum, 8 pack
Plastic Adirondack Lawn Chair, Colonial blue

Sep.

Nail buffers and files, 10 pcs
Coppertone Sunblock, 6oz

Oct.

CozyNites Fleece Blanket, pink
Sleep-Ease Melatonin caps, 90 count
ICY-HOT Maximum Strength, pain relief pads

Nov.

Tampax, 24 count
Faux-Resin Hair clips, 3 pack

Dec.

Advil (ibuprofen) Maximum Strength, 4 pack
True-Gro Tulip Bulbs, 24 pcs

Jan.

Feb.

Health Line Compact Trigger Release Folding Walker
Yankee Candle, Midsummer's Night, Large Jar

Mar.

Chemo-Glam cotton head scarf, Sunrise Pink
White Socks, women's small, 12 pack

Apr.

Chemo-Glam cotton scarf, Flower garden print
"Warrior Mom" Breast Cancer awareness T-shirt, Pink and
White

May.

Mueller 255 Lumbar Support Back Brace

Jun.

Birthday Card – Son- We Will Always Be Together, *Snoopy*
design

Jul.

Beautiful Life Urn, Dove and Rose engraved, small
Perfect Memories picture frame, 8 x 11 in, black
Burt's Bees chap stick, Honey, 1 pcs

Aug.

Sep.

Easy-Grow Windowsill herb garden

Oct.

YourStory Customized Memorial Plaque, 10 x 8 x 4 in
winter coat, navy blue, x-small

Nov.

wool socks, grey, 1 pair

“IN A DARK TIME, THE EYE BEGINS TO SEE”

William Waltz

The night hung
like a black anvil
over the treetops
when we started the fire
with a blue tipped match
and sat back to watch
darkness gather
around the flames
like children
drawn to fireflies
in an open hand.
When we looked
past the flames

all was a curtain
of mystery and ignorance,
so we poked the pit
with pointed sticks
and watched the wild
sparks scramble up
the canopy, a spiral
staircase of glints
chasing astral ancestors.
When we turned
our backs, the shadows
slunk into the woods
and disappeared among
the whispering leaves.
The moon was a fat spider
dangling from a black ceiling

and the barns were red
because the stars were dead.
We held our breath and
heard the whole forest sigh—
then a midnight peal of bells
unlocked the dread silence
and left us wondering
if this was the end
we'd dreamed of or
the beginning of the end
we couldn't afford
to see in the light.

I LEAVE GIRLHOOD

Arisa White

and enter my own
private world.

It is eighth grade, pleased my white denim Gap
jeans went unstained, I put my sweater on,
cross into new territory.

No decipherable shift: sniff-sniff,
ten fingers and toes, crackle in my ankle
remains, and now I'm fresh dirt.

For which I take for my own making
into a woman whose shoulders cup
over her heart, head bowed, convex
my cramps turn me. Smoldering fire
churns my uterus, perineum, stomach
to switchblades and Chinese stars.

It takes my mettle to breathe, stand up, sip,
because waves of pain, tsunamic. Advil Aleve
codeine Vicodin oxycodone are prescriptions
to drown.

In tears, passed out
on stairs, moaning fetal in my bed, because it
occurred monthly, my family disables their care.
My anger toward them, a sail. I get into a raft,
away from where it hurts most. A black-sand

island covered by mist that thins and thickens
from can't to can't. No one sees me from the
distances taken from "female troubles," "her
time of the month." Left on my own nausea,
mouth watering itself, and out it gushes. I dry
heave myself to sore.

On a scale of one to ten, the pain of my
wandering womb is blue violet. This does not
compare to the blue black of Africans, according
to my mother. Her period was never this bad.
My blood forges through walls, seeps out a
quarry of pomegranite, heated and fine, setting
things apart with its edges. When I'm this
kind of lunatic, my endometriosis casting me
in its spell, I must stay away from the water. A
whispered command of *Come to me*, makes the
Hudson River the boats.

Spawns joy so
spontaneous a
girl takes off her
shoes, rolls up her
pants, jumps into a
university fountain,
turns water conga,
conga her body wet,
sings the moon into
her mouth, then
kisses me, wane to
full, at my dorm
door.

I don't need to abandon my body to feeling
unloved. I find antonyms to past verbs.

I fall leagues
for a girl
whose long
red lava she ties
into a bun,
rubs a balm
of raspberry leaf,
cramp bark,
motherwort and
her
honest heat
onto my belly
lower back
ankles,
I cry.

Pain bristles
across softcover
spines,
throbs toward
the languid mist
outside my
windows
where she
secretly watches me
when I'm writing,
then tiptoes
through
my apartment

bringing New
England brisk,
granny tonics,
and pirated DVDS.

Every month,
she calls in sick
when pain notates
power lines,
warble and
evensong
through horsetails
to a brand new
honeymoon—
she holds
my pain
like a newborn
beast in her hands
and coos it down.

The Monkey King Descends From The Clouds

Haolun Xu

A famous image.

A woman wearing a straw hat and a black ribbon

sits in the middle of a field, painting.

The clouds are perfect, and it's overcast.

From the sky, a smoking comet-

The Decorous Monkey King falls out of heaven.

His body is in tatters, and when he lands on the grass,
the woman catches him and he crawls into her lap.

The god's head is bloody and smeared with ash
and he rests for the first time in a decade.

This is the first great illusion. It's been centuries.

Sometimes the two switch places. Sometimes, there's three people.

Recently there's only been one.

Like money, the story also changes its shape from metal to paper.

In one moment, Ishmael clasps his coffin. Judas, his silver.

I hate this story. I call it a snitch and a fable.

These are all curse words to me, but it never works.

Like arithmetic, the ending is inevitable.

Someone always has to lay down. Someone has to win.

It doesn't matter. I don't even think the victory counts anymore.

The ribbon vanishes.

Then the colors, the holiness too.

But the defeat stays there,
two figures reclining against the other.
This is the only real thing. This is the most important thing.

FRAGMENT

Lynn Xu

as in autumn-

time the leaves born

onward by what through

eternity re-

echoes echoes

still in untilled fields the soft

and ceaseless song un-

childing un-

fathering unanimous

ANNUAL AIR

Wendy Xu

God had one look
at you in the yellowing
light of birth
and thought, what?
Only God knows, he thought
God knows what.
He thought *this one*
will command nothing,
not cut out for it, lying
there like a cracked noun
with the hot air
hissing out.
What noun? God
is the only noun
who knows. When you
were just a word
gaining shape
in your mother's mouth
she waited for
the public bus while
it snowed. See?
The poem about money
and disappointment
writes itself if only
you let it. You let it.
Light sliding off

your pointy interview shoes
until the mind
neatly divides
in two. Where clearly
the folded white page
reads *savor*, in bad
afternoon light you make it any
word you please. Some mornings
you wake up and have missed
your mother's best days
on earth, the crust
of that thought just gently
sizzling off. *Sorry*.
The afterlife of speech
has always been
an emergency. The seed
that breaks apart, takes note
of the burying earth.

I SEE YOU

Matthew Zapruder

You built the blue
chair out of blue

pieces from
a box we turned

into a ship
that lifted toward

then past
the rings of saturn

into the void
that waited for him

full of friends
far from the sun

he loves Pluto
so much we hid

the sad news
of its recent demotion

you bent down
and held the drill

your hair hung
down in that dangerous

proximity they warn
us in the instructions

must be avoided
and all was well

then you called
the man who is

known as father
and took it in

his endless worry
that might be love

then you filled
the bath with tears

laughing with me
at our ridiculous fear

of the lego
of the dangerous future

then we sat
in the chair together

I placed my foot
on your foot

no one was lost
no one watched us

watch the sunflowers
grow a little

as the sun went
where it goes

no one watched
us watch them grow

57:-SHOT TOWER, BALTIMORE, MD.



47339

James Haug

from the JUBILATE AGNO

Christopher Smart

For there is no Height in which there are not flowers.

For flowers have great virtues for all the senses.

For the flower glorifies God and the foot parries the adversary.

For the flowers have their angels even the words of God's Creation.

For the warp and woof of flowers are worked by perpetual moving spirits.

For flowers are good both for the living and the dead.

For there is a language of flowers.

For there is a sound reasoning upon all flowers.

For the elegant phrases are nothing but flowers.

For flowers are medicinal.

For flowers are musical in ocular harmony.

For the right names of flowers are yet in heaven. God make gard'ner's better nomenclatures.

For the Poorman's nosegay is an introduction to a Prince.

For A is the beginning of learning and the door of heaven.

For B is a creature busy and bustling.

For C is a sense quick and penetrating.

For D is depth.

For E is eternity—such is the power of the English letters taken singly.

Appearances of Eternal Absence

Excerpt from Christopher Smart's Jubilate Agno, whose presence and content inspired jubilat's founding editors Rob Casper, Michael Teig, Christian Hawkey and Kelly La Fave; pictured page from Fragment C.

—EUPHRAZIE ZEOLIDE BARROIS

For there is no Height in which there are not flowers.
For flowers have great virtues for all the senses.
For the flower glorifies God and the foot parries the adversary.
For the flowers have their angels even the words of God's Creation.
For the warp and woof of flowers are worked by perpetual moving spirits.
For flowers are good both for the living and the dead.
For there is a language of flowers.
For there is a sound reasoning upon all flowers.
For the elegant phrases are nothing but flowers.
For flowers are medicinal.
For flowers are musical in ocular harmony.
For the right names of flowers are yet in heaven. God makes gard'ner's better nomenclatures.
For the Poorman's nosegay is an introduction to a Prince.
For A is the beginning of learning and the door of heaven.
For B is a creature busy and bustling.
For C is a sense quick and penetrating.
For D is depth.
For E is eternity—such is the power of the English letters taken singly.



photo by Joshua Ware

PLACES *JUBILAT* LIKES TO VISIT:

GEORGIA

In 2017, I told my friend Noel Black that one of the things I liked best was seeing art. That, in fact, I actually loved it, was getting a little obsessed about it, would plan trips around exhibitions, would walk miles out of my way for a Tony Smith. He said, Why not make a gallery in your garage? So I did. And I named it GEORGIA after my daughter. I've had 15 shows at GEORGIA since then. Some I have curated, some other Denver artists and writers have curated. I throw big parties and invite everyone I know. Poets, painters, filmmakers, musicians, fabricators, writers, thinkers, scholars, critics, curators, sculptors, and other comrades come see the art, meet each other, hug each other, and of course, all wind up in my tiny kitchen because that's how parties go. The last show at GEORGIA was open for 24 hours on Election Day (November 3, 2020). For weeks before the show, people came into the gallery to help draw Sol LeWitt's Wall Drawing #797. It took 45 people. And Yumi Janairo Roth installed her Straight Lines in Four Directions for Social Distancing (after Sol LeWitt) so visitors could keep their distance from each other during the pandemic.

- Sommer Browning



Provenance

"NEHIJJJ"

(Sonja Åkesson)

"OH OH OH"

(Lenora de Barros)

"... words, these tiny masses of black signs, stopped forming continuous, enclosed figures, they were nothing but the envelope, the encounter of living cells, active, in perpetual vibration... I genuinely experienced white space, the signs, reading suddenly becoming a concrete operation, a form of auscultation of thoughts... freed thoughts, meaning, all lights turned off... meaning from which only a waning trail remains..."

(Suzanne Bernard)

"When we place a word in an expanse of whiteness and we reassess its graphic qualities, that new form, created so it can be apprehended visually, as well as its inherent meaning, are mobilized; in turn, they mobilize the whole structure... The word becomes, then, a paradoxical mobile, suspended in the air and going from song to the page's scream."

(Amanda Berenguer)

"Writing-space and sound-time (sound-tempo) recreate the previously unified entity under the sign of a strangely interwoven rhythm."

(Mirella Bentivoglio)

"Writing becomes image, a manifestation of being, of being there, in the absolute without form. An open text. A text for all. For those who know how to read and for those who do not know how to read."

(Irma Blank)

"The dot as starting point, line as path, as itinerary..."

(Betty Danon)

"I don't care how great poems are anymore. Words typed out on a page are meaningless."

(Amelia Etlinger)

"I 'write' (inscribe) my books, which are perfectly illegible, and that tenuous structure of 'gaps' is filled as soon as it reaches the 'reader.'"

(Mirtha Dermisache)

"Read this with me, read that with me, read me with me, read objects (tables, toes, toads, tails, tin, trains, type, tears, throat) read write read right. This is still life. Only I write and read. If you've misplaced me on your own, bring me up again from off this page."

(Madeline Gins)

"I believe that color can kill words. / For example: If I write death in green, death will not exist for much longer. If I write the word happy [in red], it will be superfluous to use the word unhappy. / Maybe we will learn to read the word death in green."

(Annalies Klopheus)

"... scales / exercises / finger games ... repetition ... signs to express the accident / the error ... unfolding / construction / compositions ... music music music music."

(Françoise Mairey)

"If we simply dislocate objects slightly from the everyday, matter-of-fact, blind and humble ... the poetic elements in them will reveal themselves."

(Giulia Niccolai)

"... liberation from male language as liberation of women."

(Anna Oberto)

"... there is a fundamental requirement which the various kinds of concrete poetry meet: concentration upon the physical material from which the poem or text is made."

(Mary Ellen Solt)

"... a revolt against the transparency of the word."

(Rosmarie Waldrop)

"Type your own art."

(Ruth Wolf-Rehfeldt)

Excerpts from

Women in Concrete Poetry: 1959–1979

edited by Alex Balgiu & Mónica de la Torre

published by Primary Information

CONTRIBUTORS

CLEO ABRAMIAN's work has appeared in *Foundry Journal*, *The Brooklyn Review*, and *Hyperallergic*.

RACHEL ABRAMOWITZ's poems and reviews have appeared in *Crazyhorse*, *Tupelo Quarterly*, *Oxonian Review*, *POOL*, *jubilat*, *Sprung Formal*, *Transom*, *Interruption*, *Colorado Review*, *YEW*, and *Painted Bride Quarterly*.

JOHN ASHBERY is the author of over 20 books of poetry including *Some Trees*, which was selected by W.H. Auden for the Yale Younger Poets Series and *Self-Portrait in a Convex Mirror*, which received the Pulitzer Prize for Poetry, the National Book Critics Circle Award and the National Book Award. He served as executive editor of *ARTnews* magazine and as the art critic for *New York* and *Newsweek* magazines. He received two Guggenheim Fellowships and was a MacArthur Fellow from 1985 to 1990.

MICHAEL BALILI is a poet from Manila. His first book of poems, *Kaiju*, is forthcoming from Math Paper Press.

SOMMER BROWNING is a poet, curator, artist, and librarian living in Denver. Her books include two collections of poetry, an artist book, a joke book, and others. *GOOD*

ACTORS will be published with Birds, LLC in late summer 2021.

CORTNEY LAMAR CHARLESTON is the author of *Telepathologies* and *Doppelgangbanger*. His poems have appeared in *POETRY*, *The American Poetry Review*, *The Kenyon Review*, *Granta* and *The Nation*. A Pushcart Prize-winning poet, Charleston has received a Ruth Lilly and Dorothy Sargent Rosenberg Fellowship from the Poetry Foundation as well as fellowships from Cave Canem, The Conversation Literary Festival and the New Jersey State Council on the Arts.

CACONRAD has been working with the ancient technologies of poetry and ritual since 1975. Their books include *Amanda Paradise*, *The Book of Frank*, *While Standing in Line for Death*, and *Ecodeviance*. They received a Creative Capital grant, a Pew Fellowship, a Lambda Literary Award, and a Believer Magazine Book Award. They teach at Columbia University in New York City and Sandberg Art Institute in Amsterdam.

MICHAEL EARL CRAIG is the author of *Woods and Clouds Interchangeable*, *Talkativeness*, *Thin Kimono*, *Yes, Master, Can You Relax in My House*, and the chapbook *Jombang Jet*

CHRIS DEWEESE is the author of *The Black Forest*. His poems have appeared in *Boston Review*, *Fence*, *FIELD*, and *Tin House*.

CAROLINA EBEID holds a PhD from the University of Denver and has won fellowships from CantoMundo, the Stadler Center, and the NEA, as well as a Lannan Foundation Residency. She helps edit poetry at *The Rumpus* and *Visible Binary*.

CORWIN ERICSON is the author of the novel *Swell* and *Checked Out OK*, a collection of police reports. He lives and works in Western Massachusetts.

LOGAN FEBRUARY is a non-binary Nigerian poet, songwriter and graduate student at Purdue University's MFA program in Creative Writing. They and their work have been featured in *The Guardian Life*, *Dazed*, *The Rumpus*, *Lambda Literary*, *Washington Square Review*, and *Africa In Dialogue*. They are the author of *In The Nude* and three poetry chapbooks.

JESSICA FJELD is the author of *Red-work* and the chapbooks *The Tide* and *On animate life*. She received her MFA from UMass-Amherst and her JD from Columbia, and now works on media, art, and human rights issues at the Berkman Klein Center for Internet & Society.

EMILY KENDAL FREY lives in Portland, Oregon. She is the author of several chapbooks and chapbook

collaborations, including *The Grief Performance* and *Sorrow Arrow*. *Loveability*, her third full-length collection, will be published by Fonograf Editions.

VANESSA JIMENEZ GABB is the author of the poetry collections, *Basic Needs* and *Images for Radical Politics*. She is from and lives in Brooklyn, NY.

MARIE-ANDRÉE GILL is Pekuakamishkueu and identifies primarily as a poet. The author of three collections of poetry in the French, *Béante*, *Frayer*, and *Chaufer le dehors*, she is the recipient of two Indigenous Voices Awards and two Literary Prizes for Poetry at the Salon du Livre du Saguenay-Lac-Saint-Jean.

PETER GIZZI is the author of eight collections of poetry, most recently, *Now It's Dark*, *Sky Burial: New & Selected Poems*, and *Archeophonics*.

RACHEL B. GLASER is the author of the novel *Paulina & Fran*, the short story collection *Pee On Water*, and the poetry books *MOODS* and *HAIRDO*.

RACHEL ELIZA GRIFFITHS is a poet, novelist, and mixed media artist. Her recent hybrid collection of poetry and photography is *Seeing the Body*. Her work has appeared in *The New York Times*, *The New Yorker*, *The Paris Review*, *Kenyon Review*, *Best American Poetry* (2020),

Los Angeles Review of Books, and *Guernica*.

KIMIKO HAHN is the author of ten books of poems, including *Foreign Bodies*, *Brain Fever*, and *Toxic Flora*. From 2016-2019, Hahn was President of the Board of Governors, Poetry Society of America.

LAUREN HALDEMAN is the author of the poetry collections *Instead of Dying*, *Calenday*, and *The Eccentricity is Zero*. Her work has appeared in *Poetry*, *Tin House*, *Colorado Review*, *Fence*, *The Iowa Review*, and *The Rumpus*.

JAMES HAUG's latest collection, *Riverain*, was published by Oberlin College Press, in the FIELD Poetry Series.

CHRISTIAN HAWKEY has written two full-length poetry collections, *The Book of Funnels* and *Citizen Of*, as well as several chapbooks and the cross-genre book *Ventrakl*. He is a co-founder of *jubilat*.

TERRANCE HAYES's most recent publications include *American Sonnets for My Past And Future Assassin* and *To Float In The Space Between: Drawings and Essays in Conversation with Etheridge Knight*. Hayes is a Professor of English at New York University.

BRIAN HENRY is the author of eleven books of poetry, most

recently *Permanent State*. He has translated Tomaž Šalamun's *Woods and Chalices*, Aleš Debeljak's *Smugglers*, and Aleš Steger's *Above the Sky Beneath the Earth*, *The Book of Things*, *Berlin*, *The Book of Bodies*, and *Burning Tongues: New and Selected Poems*. He co-edited *Verse* from 1995 to 2018.

KAMDEN HILLIARD holds an MFA in Poetry from the Iowa Writers' Workshop. They are the Anisfield-Wolf Fellow in Publishing and Writing at the Cleveland State University Poetry Center, a reader at *Flypaper Lit*, and a board member at VIDA: Women In Literary Arts.

EMILY HUNT's works include the poetry collection *Dark Green*, the chapbook *Company*, and the photography book *Cousins*. She teaches online poetry classes from her home in New York.

LAUREN HUNTER is the author of the poetry collection *Human Achievements* and the chapbook *My Own Fires*. She is the managing editor for the experimental translation press *Telephone*.

MIAH JEFFRA is most recently author of *The Fabulous Ekphrastic Fantastic!*, *The Violence Almanac*, and co-editor, with Arisa White and Monique Mero, of the anthology *Home is Where You Queer Your Heart*. Miah is a founding editor of

Whiting Award-winning queer literary collaborative, Foglifter Press.

STEVEN KARL is the author of two books of poetry, *Dork Swagger* and *Sister*. He is the editor-in-chief for *Sink Review* and lives in Tokyo, Japan with his wife and daughter. Recent poems have been published or are forthcoming from *Heavy Feather Review*, *Tokyo Poetry Journal*, *Air Talk*, and *the tiny*.

JOHN F. KEANE lives in Manchester, in the UK. He has published poems in *Prole*, *the Best of Manchester Poets Volume 3*, *the Bread and Roses Award Anthology*, *the Wolverhampton Literature Festival Poetry Anthology*, *the Live from Worktown Anthology 6* and *Poetry from the Platform*.

DOUGLAS KEARNEY is a poet, performer, and librettist whose poetry collections include *Sho* and *Buck Studies*. His work has appeared in *Poetry*, *Iowa Review*, *Boston Review*, and *Indiana Review*, and anthologies including *Resisting Arrest: Poems to Stretch the Sky* and *Best American Poetry*. Kearney has received a Whiting Writer's Award and the Cy Twombly Award for Poetry.

MACKENZIE KOZAK is a poet and therapist living in Asheville, NC. Her work has appeared or is forthcoming in *American Poetry Journal*, *Boston Review*, *Denver Quarterly*, *DIAGRAM*, *Poetry Northwest*, and

Sixth Finch.

SETH LANDMAN is the author of two books of poems: *Sign You Were Mistaken* and *Confidence*. He is the co-host of *The Dungeon*, a podcast about movies, and *All Our Pretty Songs*, a podcast about 90s rock music. He loves basketball, submarine movies, and sad songs.

DOROTHEA LASKY the author of five full-length collections of poetry including *Animal*, *ROME*, *Milk*, and *Thunderbird*. She co-wrote *Astro Poets: Your Guides to the Zodiac* with the poet, Alex Dimitrov. She is an Associate Professor of Poetry at Columbia University's School of the Arts.

MARK LEIDNER's latest book is the poetry collection *Returning the Sword to the Stone*. He is the author of several other books of poetry and fiction as well as two feature films, *Empathy, Inc.* and *Jammed*. He is originally from Georgia and lives in California.

LESLE LEWIS is the author of five books, including the most recent *Rainy Days on the Farm*. She lives in New Hampshire..

KATE LINDROOS is the author of the chapbooks *Bumper Crop* and *The Costume of a Hunter*.

NATALIE LYALIN is the author of *Blood Makes Me Faint, but I Go for It* and *Pink & Hot Pink Habitat*, and

the chapbooks *Try A Little Time Travel* and *Short Cloud*. Her poems have appeared in *The Minnesota Review*, *Fanzine*, *Divine Magnet*, *Verse Magazine*, *Sixth Finch*, *The Tiny*, and *Conduit*. She was the co-editor and co-founder of *Glitterpony Magazine* and *Natural History Press*. She lives in Rhode Island.

ADITI MACHADO is the author of two books of poetry, *Emporium* and *Some Beheadings*, as well as several chapbooks/pamphlets the most recent of which is *The End*. She is also a translator of Farid Tali's *Prosopopoeia* and teacher at the University of Cincinnati.

NATHANIEL MACKEY is the author of several books of fiction, poetry, and criticism and has received the National Book Award in poetry for *Splay Anthem*, the Stephen Henderson Award from the African American Literature and Culture Society, the Bollingen Prize, and the Ruth Lilly Poetry Prize. Mackey is the Reynolds Price Professor of English at Duke University.

ERINROSE MAGER's work appears in *DIAGRAM*, *Fence*, *Prelude*, and *Wigleaf*. She is a Literary Arts PhD candidate at the University of Denver.

RANDALL MANN is the author of five poetry collections, most recently *A Better Life*. He lives in San Francisco.

SHANE McCRAE's books include *The Gilded Auction Block* and *Sometimes I Never Suffered*. He has received a Whiting Award, a fellowship from the National Endowment for the Arts, a Lannan Literary Award, and a Guggenheim Fellowship. He lives in New York City and teaches at Columbia University.

ATA MOHARRERI's mother emigrated from Minsk, Belarus and his father emigrated from Tehran, Iran to America, and he was born in Missouri.

EILEEN MYLES is the author of nineteen books including *I Must Be Living Twice: New & Selected Poems* and *Chelsea Girls*. Eileen is the recipient of a Guggenheim Fellowship in non-fiction, an Andy Warhol/Creative Capital Arts Writers grant, four Lambda Book Awards, and the Shelley Prize from the PSA. Currently they teach at NYU and Naropa University and live in Marfa, TX, and New York.

JAC NELSON is a multimedia poet.

DIANA KHOI NGUYEN is the author of *Ghost Of* and recipient of a 2021 fellowship from the National Endowment for the Arts. A Kundiman fellow, she is core faculty in the Randolph College Low-Residency

MFA and an Assistant Professor at the University of Pittsburgh.

CINDY JUYOUNG OK's recent poetry publications include the *Bennington Review*, the *Colorado Review*, and the *Yale Review*.

BEN PEASE is the author of *Chateau Wichman*. His next book, *Furniture in Space: Selections from an Epic of Mysticism and Comradery*, will be out later this year. He holds degrees from Emerson College and Columbia University. He lives in Brandon, VT with his wife, daughter, and brother-in-law.

ZACH PECKHAM is a writer and musician from Massachusetts. His work has appeared or is forthcoming in *Action*, *Spectacle*, *Territory*, *The Lowell Son*, *Happiness Pony*, *@tuffpoems*, *Poetry Northwest*, and on the *Academy of American Poets* website.

KIKI PETROSINO is the author of *White Blood: a Lyric of Virginia* and three other poetry books. Her poems and essays have appeared in *Prairie Schooner*, *Best American Poetry*, *The Nation*, *The New York Times*, *FENCE*, *Gulf Coast*, *jubilat*, *Tin House* and on-line at *Ploughshares*. She teaches at the University of Virginia as a Professor of Poetry.

KHADIJAH QUEEN is the author of six books, including *I'm So Fine: A List of Famous Men & What I Had On*, *Anodyne*, *Conduit*, *Black Peculiar*, and *Fearful Beloved*. Her poems

and prose have appeared in *Fence*, *Tin House*, *American Poetry Review*, *The Offing*, *DIAGRAM*, and *Poetry*.

MARC RAHE is the author of *The Smaller Half*, *On Hours*, and *Gravity Well*. His poems have appeared in *The Iowa Review*, *MAKE Literary Magazine*, *Pangyrus*, *PEN Poetry Series*, and *Sixth Finch*. He lives in Iowa City.

BIN RAMKE's fourteenth book, *Earth on Earth*, will appear from Omnidawn in October 2021. He continues to teach and write in Denver.

ANDREA REXILIUS is the author of *Sister Urn*, *New Organism: Essais*, *Half of What They Carried Flew Away*, and *To Be Human Is To Be A Conversation*. She is Core Faculty in Poetry, and Program Coordinator, for the Low-Residency Mile-High MFA in Creative Writing at Regis University.

FORTUNATO SALAZAR is a writer and translator who lives in Los Angeles.

Zach Savich's 's latest book of poetry is *Daybed*. He is an associate professor at the Cleveland Institute of Art and co-editor of *Rescue Press's* Open Prose Series.

LAUREN SHAPIRO is the author of *Easy Math* and *Arena* and the chapbook *Yo-Yo Logic*. With Kevin

González, she co-edited *The New Census: An Anthology of Contemporary American Poetry*.

BRANDON SHIMODA's recent books include *The Grave on the Wall*, which received the PEN Open Book Award, and *The Desert*. His book on the afterlife of Japanese American incarceration is forthcoming from City Lights.

EVIE SHOCKLEY is the author of poetry collections *the new black* and *a half-red sea* and the critical book *Renegade Poetics: Black Aesthetics and Formal Innovation in African American Poetry*

JOHN SIERACKI has published in *34th Parallel*, *Layman's Way*, and *jubilat*. He's the director of development and communications at Mass Humanities, and one of the select zombies of the CRVPT, the Connecticut River Valley Poets Theater.

EMILY SKILLINGS is the author of the poetry collection *Fort Not* as well as two chapbooks, *Backchannel* and *Linnaeus: The 26 Sexual Practices of Plants*. Recent poems can be found/are forthcoming in *Poetry*, *Harper's*, *Boston Review*, *Brooklyn Rail*, *BOMB*, *Hyperallergic*, *LitHub*, and *jubilat*.

SAMPSON STARKWEATHER is the author of *A Week in Late Capital-*

ism / Ancient Capitalistic Proverbs, *PAIN: The Board Game* and the award-losing *The First Four Books of Sampson Starkweather*. He's a founding editor of *Birds, LLC*, an independent poetry press.

JORDAN STEMPELMAN is the author of eight collections of poetry including *Wallop* and *No, Not Today*. He co-edits *The Continental Review*, serves as the faculty editor for *Sprung Formal*, and curates A Common Sense Reading Series.

BIANCA STONE is the author of *The Möbius Strip Club of Grief*. Her forthcoming collection is *What Is Otherwise Infinite*.

Larisa Svirsky is a philosopher working at The Ohio State University. Her poems have appeared or are forthcoming in *Sixth Finch*, *Michigan Quarterly Review*, *TYPO*, and *Foundry*.

PAIGE TAGGART is an artist/poet/jeweler. She's the author of two full-length collections, *Or Replica* and *Want for Lion*, and 6 chapbooks, most recently *FAUX PAS*.

MICHELLE TARANSKY is the author of *Sorry Was In The Woods* and *Barn Burned, Then* and the chapbook *Abramowitz-Grossberg*.

JAMES TATE wrote eighteen full-length books of poetry along with many chapbooks, collections of

prose, collaborations, and a novel. His *Selected Poems* won the 1991 Pulitzer Prize and the William Carlos Williams Award. In 1994, *Worshipful Company of Fletchers* won the National Book Award. In 2004, he was elected to the American Academy of Arts and Letters.

SOPHIA TERAZAWA's debut full-length collection, *Winter Phoenix*, is forthcoming with Deep Vellum. She is the author of two chapbooks, *I AM NOT A WAR* and *Correspondent Medley*. Additional work has appeared in *The Offing*, *New Delta Review*, *The Iowa Review*, and *The Rumpus*.

RODRIGO TOSCANO's newest book of poetry is *In Range*. His previous books include *Explosion Rocks Springfield*, *Deck of Deeds*, *Collapsible Poetics Theater*, *To Leveling Swerve*, *Platform*, *Partisans*, and *The Disparities*.

DIVYA VICTOR is the author of *Curb*; *Kith*; *Natural Subjects*; *Unsub*; and *Things to Do With Your Mouth*. Her work has been featured in BOMB, the New Museum's *The Animated Reader*, *Crux: Journal of Conceptual Writing*, *The Best American Experimental Writing*, *POETRY*, and *boundary2*.

OCEAN VUONG is the author of the novel *On Earth We're Briefly*

Gorgeous and the poetry collection *Night Sky with Exit Wounds*. Born in Saigon, Vietnam, he lives in Northampton, Massachusetts.

WILLIAM WALTZ is the author of the poetry collections *Zoo Music* and *Adventures in the Lost Interiors of America* and the chapbook *Confluence of Mysterious Origins*. He is the editor of *Conduit* magazine and lives in Saint Paul, Minnesota.

ARISA WHITE is a Cave Canem fellow and an assistant professor of English and Creative Writing at Colby College. Published by Augury Books, *Who's Your Daddy* is Arisa's recently released poetic memoir. She is the co-editor of the anthology *Home Is Where You Queer Your Heart* and co-author of the middle-grade biography *Biddy Mason Speaks Up*.

HAOLUN XU is a Chinese-American writer based in New Jersey and New York who focuses on poetry and fiction. His work has been published in *New Ohio Review* and *Gyroscope Review*.

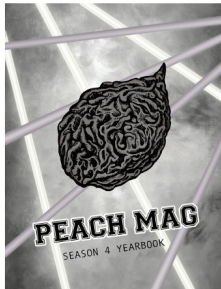
Lynn Xu is the author of *Debts & Lessons* and two chapbooks, *June* and *Tournesol*. Her poems have appeared in *6x6*, *Boston Review*, *Critical Quarterly*, and *Hyperallergic*. Xu teaches at Columbia University and coedits *Canarium Books*.

WENDY XU is most recently the author of *Phrasis*, named one of the 10 Best Poetry Books of 2017 by *The New York Times Book Review*, and the forthcoming collection *The Past*. She lives in Brooklyn and teaches poetry at The New School.

MATTHEW ZAPRUDER is the author most recently of *Father's Day*, and *Why Poetry*. He is editor at large at Wave Books, and teaches in the MFA in creative writing at Saint Mary's College of California.

Peach Mag

Founded in 2016, Peach Mag is an independent and volunteer-run literary publishing project dedicated to elevating the work of emerging poets, writers, and visual artists.



- online journal
- print anthologies
- virtual reading series
- apprenticeship for emerging editors
- poetry prizes
- and more

Finalist for the Whiting's 2020 Literary Magazine Prize
Entropy's Best of 2018 and 2019: Presses, Magazines, Publishers, & Journals
"A publisher that won't waste your time" –Nostrovial Press

peachmgzn.com | [@peachmgzn](https://twitter.com/peachmgzn) | peachmgzn@gmail.com

WHO'S YOUR DADDY

a new memoir from
Arisa White

A genre-bending coming-of-age tale featuring a queer, Black, Guyanese American woman who, while seeking to define her own place in the world, negotiates an estranged relationship with her father.

138 pages / \$16.95 Paperback, \$9 ebook / ISBN: 9781936767618



"This beautifully, honestly
conceived genius of a book
shook me to the core."

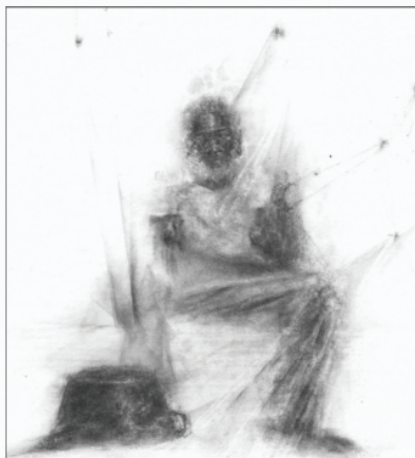
-Dara Wier

"What she gives us are archives,
allegories, and wholly new songs."

-Terrance Hayes

"Heart-wrenching"

-Patricia Smith



**WHO'S YOUR
DADDY** Arisa White

Available at AuguryBooks.com

essential reading for **minds on fire**

Conduit Books & Ephemera

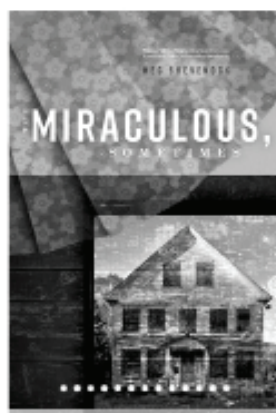
Launches

Two BOOKS



Marystina Santiestevan First Book Prize

Minds on Fire Open Book Prize



THE MIRACULOUS, SOMETIMES

by Meg Shevenock



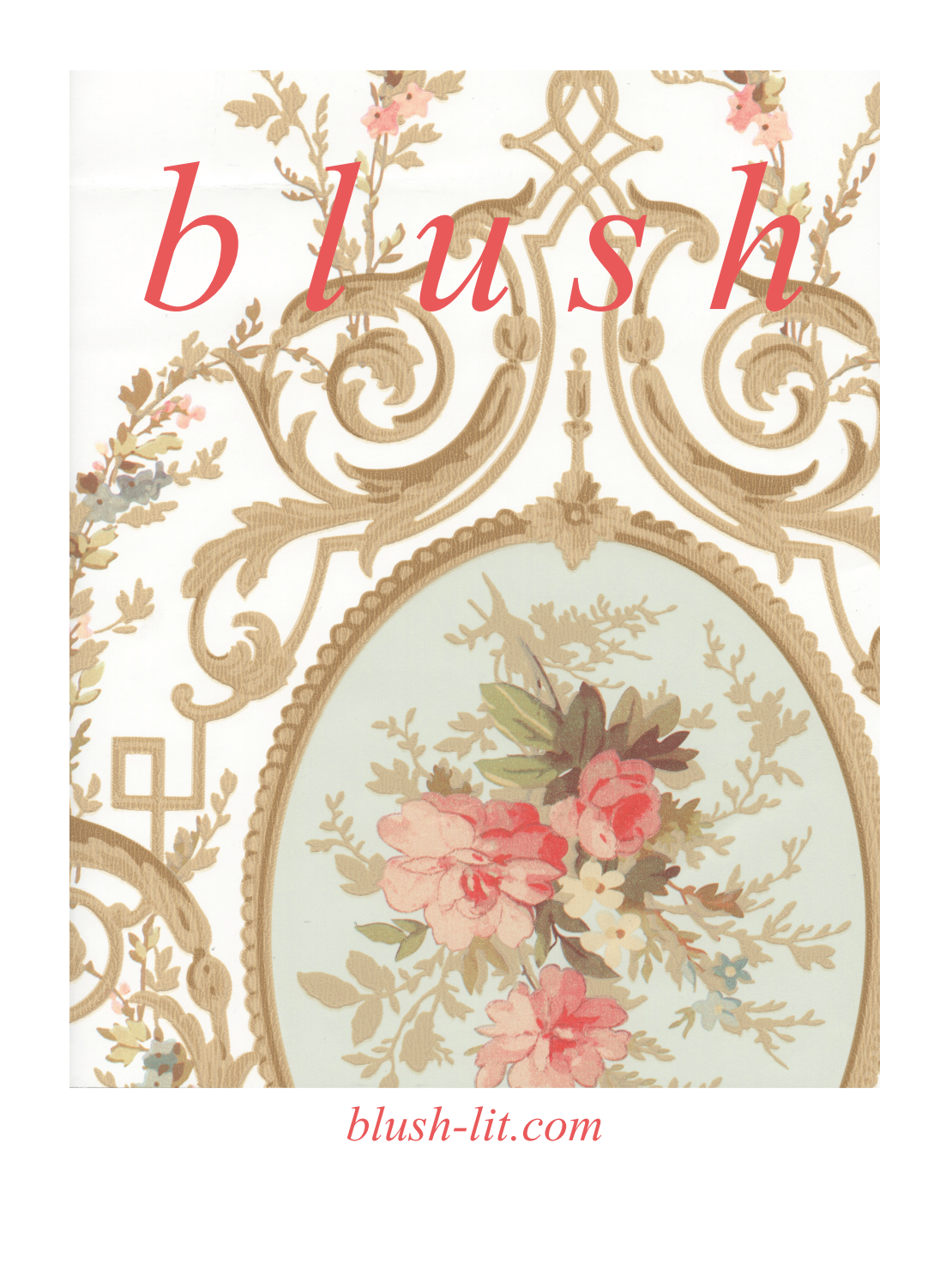
SACRIFICIAL METAL

by Esther Lee

Only sixteen bucks a piece
Order Yours Today at
www.conduit.org/books



**CONDUIT BOOKS
& EPHEMERA**



blush

blush-lit.com



Cleo Abramian Rachel Abramowitz John Ashbery
Michael Balili Sommer Browning Cortney Lamar Charleston
Gillian Conoley CAConrad Michael Earl Craig Chris DeWeese
Carolina Ebeid Joshua Edwards Corwin Ericson Logan February
Jessica Fjeld Emily Kendal Frey Vanessa Jimenez Gabb
Marie-Andrée Gill Kristen Renee Miller Peter Gizzi
Rachel B. Glaser Rachel Eliza Griffiths Kimiko Hahn
Lauren Haldeman James Haug Christian Hawkey Terrance Hayes
Brian Henry Kamden Hilliard Emily Hunt Lauren Hunter
Miah Jeffra Steven Karl John F. Keane Douglas Kearney
Simone Kearney Mackenzie Kozak Seth Landman
Dorothea Lasky Mark Leidner Lesle Lewis Kate Lindroos
Natalie Lyalin Aditi Machado Nathaniel Mackey Erinrose Mager
Randall Mann Shane McCrae Ata Moharreri Eileen Myles
Jac Nelson Diana Khoi Nguyen Cindy Juyoung Ok Ben Pease
Zach Peckham Kiki Petrosino Kevin Pomerleau Nellie Prior
Khadijah Queen Marc Rahe Bin Ramke Andrea Rexilius
Fortunato Salazar Zach Savich Lauren Shapiro
Brandon Shimoda Evie Shockley John Sieracki Emily Skillings
Sampson Starkweather Jordan Stempleman Bianca Stone
Larisa Svirsky Paige Taggart Michelle Taransky James Tate
Sophia Terazawa Rodrigo Toscano Divya Victor
Ocean Vuong William Waltz Arisa White Haolun Xu
Lynn Xu Wendy Xu Matthew Zapruder